

PEARSON'S P.W.
 100 COUPON.
 44. Oct. 23, 1897.
 Newsagents. P.W.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

IN
 FOOTBALL
 PRIZES.

PEARSON'S P.W.
 100 COUPON.
 Oct. 23, 1897.
 No. 44. P.W.

PEARSON'S
 ATHLETIC
 RECORD
 THE Paper for
 Footballers.
 A PAGE OF
 FOOTBALL SKETCHES
 EVERY WEEK.
 RUGBY NOTES
 BY AN INTERNATIONAL
 A GRAND
 Football Competition.
 Prizes £60.
 Athletic, Swimming and
 Cycling Notes.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
 TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

AWARDED
 TWO GOLD
 MEDALS
 FOR HIGH
 EXCELLENCE
 AND
 PURITY.
 DULCE
 MON
 TEA
 As
 1/6 to 3/-
 per lb.
 Of
 all Grocers.

No. 379.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 23, 1897. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS
GALLAHER'S
"TWO FLAKES"
TOBACCO.
 YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
 IN THEIR 1, 2, or 4 oz. DECORATED TINS,
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR CAT-
ALOGUE OF CHEAP CROCKERY? If not, please get a post-card, and send it to THE
PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY;
 and you will get it by return, together with particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery the
 world has ever seen.
100 PIECES
FOR £1 1s.
 A Dinner Service of 50 pieces
 is included, which is guaran-
 teed to be worth the guinea
 alone, and a China Tea Service
 of 28 pieces finished in gold,
 together with a lot of useful
 kitchen crockery.
 Post-cards and Letters to be addressed to the **PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY, STAFFS.**



This is the pattern
 of the
 DINNER SERVICE.
 THOUSANDS
 SOLD ALL OVER
 THE WORLD.

BEETHAM'S
Glycerine
& Cucumber
HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING THE SKIN
SOFT & SMOOTH
 At all Seasons. Removes and Prevents all REDNESS,
 ROUGHNESS, IRRITATION, CHAPS, &c, ensuring
 A CLEAR & HEALTHY COMPLEXION.
 Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," THE ONLY GENUINE
 Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. of all Chemists and Perfumers. Post Free
 3d. extra from M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM

Do not give up Cycling
 Because AUTUMN has come.
 But ride . . .
DUNLOP TYRES
 And you will travel smoothly over rough roads,
 with ease, Free from Side-slip.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO. Ltd.,
 100 TO 106, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.1, LONDON.
 WORKS: ALMA STREET, COVENTRY.
 BRANCHES: Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester,
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"The standard of highest purity."
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 Lancet.
Cadbury's
cocoa
 The Public should be on their guard
 against "doctored" cocoas, of which there are many in the market. CADBURY'S Cocoa,
 being absolutely pure, stands all tests, the Medical profession and Press proclaiming its
 superiority as a delicious beverage and nutritious food. It should always be borne in mind
 that Cocoa must be pure and unadulterated—like CADBURY'S—to impart the utmost benefit.

van
Flouten's
Cocoa

PURE
 SOLUBLE
 DELICIOUS
 on the
 breakfast tables
 of the
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The Best in Existence—The Cheapest in Use.

MELLIN'S
FOOD

For INFANTS
 and INVALIDS.

Mellin's Food when prepared is similar to
 Breast Milk Chemically.

SAMPLES POST FREE FROM
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All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.U.

Keep
Smiling,
You're
All Right!
Smoking



OGDEN'S "GUINEA-GOLD" CIGARETTES

M.L.C.

Seasonable Dessert Dishes.

With the colder days of winter coming upon us we naturally turn away from the cool fruit pudding and blanc-mange, so refreshing in summer, and look for a warmer and more seasonable dessert. There seem to be many who think that corn flour is only suitable for these cool dishes, but this is to ignore its many excellent qualities as a winter diet. Brown & Polson's Corn Flour supplies the body with warmth and strength, and it is a comforting and excellent warm food all through the cold weather. It makes a great variety of delicious hot dishes such as soufflés, fritters, sweet omelets, custards, and hot puddings of all sorts. Brown & Polson's Corn Flour, especially their "Patent" brand, which is their best quality, is unequalled for these dishes, and, though a little dearer than ordinary corn flour it goes further, and less is required for a pudding. The cost of the corn flour in a pudding is so small an item that everyone can afford to have the best. Recipes are to be found on the packets, and additional ones may be had on application to Brown & Polson, 99, Queen Victoria Street, London. For pie-crusts great advantage will be found by using a proportion of Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour.



FOOD VALUE means the actual nutritive worth of a food article. The majority of food articles contain a large percentage of waste or non-nutritive matter. On the other hand, Quaker Oats is entirely nutritious; hence its extraordinary economy. Unscrupulous dealers may try to impose an inferior article upon you, but if you insist on having Quaker Oats you have the best.

At all Grocers and Corn Dealers.

Sold only in 2lb. sealed packets.

Every packet bears Quaker name and Quaker figure.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.
And 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
CAMBRIC Collars, Ladies' from 3/6 per doz.
POCKET Collars, Gent's 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.
HANDKERCHIEFS Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, 3/11 per doz.
AND SHIRTS. Collars, Gent's 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.
Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Lines
Fronts, 35/6 per 1 doz. (to measure 2/- extra).
"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Illustrated*
The Quaker.
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.



BANKRUPT STOCK
Just purchased, of Solid Silver Goods, Government stamped. Each Watch warranted for five years.
500 Ladies' Watches, 9/9 each; Chains, 3/9 each.
750 Gent's Watches, 11/9 each; Alberts, 4/9 each.
Chains, Hall Marked on every link. 400 Silver Bead Pins, with gold fronts, and set with diamonds, 1/9 each.
400 Name Brooches, 1/9 each.
310 Hall Marked Real Gold Dress Rings for both Ladies and Gent's, with diamond setting, 3/- each.
1,500 Solid Real Gold-cased Dress and Signet Rings, also 100 Brooches, 1/6 each. P.O.'s payable to
RENNIE, TRUSTEE, CROY PLACE, GLASGOW.

500 FREE TRIAL BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY EACH WEEK (SEE BELOW).

YUGAR'S LIFE INCTUS
OR
WINTER CHERRY
FOR THE ABSOLUTE CURE OF
INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION AND ALL LIVER & BLOOD DISORDERS.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES IN BOTTLES 7/6, 3/6 & 1/6
OR DIRECT 3/- EXTRA FROM
THE YUGAR LIFE INCTUS CO.
615, 62, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.
We guarantee a speedy cure in any case arising from above complaints. Any sufferer desirous of having advice (gratis) and free trial bottle can do so by calling upon (or writing to) The Manager, The Yugar Life Inctus Co., 61, Chancery Lane, London.
A postcard will do, but mention this paper.

TRY ZIG ZAG
GUINNESS EDGE
REVOLUTION IN Cigarette Paper Books
EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.
AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

THE MOST

Fashionable

CHRISTMAS CARDS are, undoubtedly, those of the "Personal" kind, printed with the sender's name and address, &c.

TO GET THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Christmas

Cards, buy direct from the Manufacturers—**SHARP WALKER & CO., 259, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.,** who will send you samples (post free on application) of a great number of beautiful patterns, at prices (including printing with monogram, name, and address) from 2/- for twelve dainty folding

Cards

Who would be without a **MUSIC STAND**
Folding and Portable, Square legs, Gold bronzed, very durable.

3/- parcel post free. Two for 5/9. Three for 8/6 Carriage Paid.

Joseph Riley & Sons, Constitution Hill, Birmingham.

"KEEPUMDRIE" WATERPROOF GARMENTS
ARE UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY AND PRICE.
Illustrated Lists and Patterns sent free.
Sole Makers:
ANDREW POTTER, London Works, Reading.
(Name Paper.)

AN ELEGANT PRESENT FOR BIRTHDAY OR CHRISTMAS.
THE KROMSKOP.
A scientific photographic novelty of such a startling character that it must be seen to be appreciated. Write for particulars sent free on application. For illustrated article on this novelty see Christmas Number of "Pearson's Magazine." On Exhibition Free at The Photochrome Company, Ltd., 121, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

The GLOBE MODEL '97. £2 10s.

Patent No. 20242. TYPEWRITER
New simplified construction, great durability, clear beautiful writing, advances in design, equal to any 30 guinea machine. Type and letter-copies 77 characters in all without adjustment. Price complete with Machine, Ink, and Carriage—**£2 10s.**

Write for particulars to the **GLOBE TYPEWRITER LIMITED, 28, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.**

FAVOURITE WINTER SWEET.

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS.

At Court and Courtiers for 20 years, Skuse's Herbal Tablets have been famous.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS Familiar to Princess, Palace Speakers, Singers, and Celebrities all over the Globe.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS. Recommended by Physicians, used in our Hospitals and various Institutions everywhere.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS. Prepared from the most famous, rarest, and most valuable herbs, and are a choice, piquant, and valuable tonic. Sold everywhere in 1d. packets and 1/6 tins.

E. SKUSE, Ashmore Works, Harrow Road, London.

DEVONA. CHOCOLATE DEVONA.
This is Chocolate of the highest quality, and is sold in 1/6 tins and 3/6 tins.

NEW AUTOMATIC KNITTER.
A lady writes: "I have been knitting for many years, and have never before been able to knit so fast and so well. I have bought a new automatic knitter, and it is a great help to me. I can now knit in a day what used to take me a week. I have bought a new automatic knitter, and it is a great help to me. I can now knit in a day what used to take me a week. I have bought a new automatic knitter, and it is a great help to me. I can now knit in a day what used to take me a week." **W. & A. KEMBLE & CO., 12, Southview Street, London, S.W.**

The second part of the "Imperial Naval and Military Album" is now on sale. It is even more gorgeous than the first.

THE GOLD MAGNET
BY
George Griffiths,
HAS JUST BEGUN IN
SHORT STORIES.
A concise summary will enable you to pick up the thread of the story.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

THE Athletic Record
IS NOW THE
BRIGHTEST, CRISPEST
and most **COMPACT**
Weekly Paper of Sport
to be found on earth.
It is published every
Wednesday and costs 2 1/4d.

No. 379.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK FATES.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 23, 1897.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

The Absent One.

How dull and desolate the house,
How empty seems the day,
How sad and lonely is the heart
When one we love's away;
Though many pleasures may invite,
Our thoughts like rivers run
Away from all restraining bands,
To join the absent one.

The children for their mother yearn
When she is out of sight,
For she makes up their little world,
And is its central light.
They are not easy in their minds,
Nor happy in their play,
For home is not like home to them
When mother is away.

The loving husband mourns his wife,
The partner of his heart,
With her his happiness is sure;
From her he's loth to part.
And everything about the house
Reminds him every day
Of her sweet presence, and the loss
He feels when she's away.

Oh, gifts may come in generous dole,
And music, mirth, and flowers
May do their best to charm away
The slow and tedious hours;
And though the world around may all
Its loveliness display,
These comfort not the lonely heart
Whose loved one is away.

Up To Snuff.

SOME of our ancestors were veritable slaves to the pernicious habit of snuff-taking. It is related of a Liverpool gentleman that he contracted such an attachment to the snuff-box that he never took less than twenty pinches before breakfast, forty more before dinner, and sixty before night—in all 120.

He spent a full minute over each pinch, and thus about fourteen hours a week was very rationally and profitably employed in tickling his nose; which, from being cramped so frequently, underwent a material revolution in its physical form, possessing, as it were, a kind of elasticity; involuntarily cocking itself up when the snuff-box was introduced, not unlike the majestic proboscis of an elephant.

Snuff-taking is largely on the increase amongst the gentler sex, and enormous quantities of the pungent powder are consumed in our mills and manufactories by the female operatives, who take their snuff-boxes to the tobacconist to be re-filled at regular intervals.

Never Sell Samples.

CUSTOMER: "Look here, that shirt you've got out there in the show-case is one and elevenpence, isn't it?"

Merchant: "Yes, sir."

"I see it's a No. 15 collar, too. That's the size I wear. I want one just like it."

"Yes, sir. Here's one that we think is a little better, at the same price."

"This doesn't suit me. I want one of the same kind as that one out there."

"Yes, sir. How will this style do? You notice it has a better binding round the—"

"No; that isn't what I came in to buy. I want a one-and-elevenpenny shirt of the kind you're exhibiting in that show-case. How many more times have I got to tell you?"

"That's no better shirt than these I'm showing you. In fact, the one outside isn't as good. We haven't any more shirts like that in the place."

"All gone but that?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I'll take that one."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't. That's my sample."

Er—Er—Er.

PRIOR to the epoch-making moment, when his love triumphed over his native bashfulness, young Mr. Askam would have maintained against any odds that the hardest thing in life was to propose to the girl you worshipped. Afterwards, however, he decided that that was simply child's play compared to asking the consent of his father-in-law's elect, although that estimable old gentleman was an old friend.

Flushed with success with the daughter, he felt filled with the spirit of a hundred conquerors, and recklessly insisted upon seeing the father at once. But upon reaching the library the spirit of the hundred conquerors suddenly evaporated and left him with paler face and trembling knees and chaotic mind.

"I—er—er—" he stammered insufficiently.

"Indeed!" observed the old gentleman chuckling. "Then you're no more than human."

"Ah, ha!" gasped Mr. Askam hysterically, pretending a hilarity he was far, far from feeling.

"How is your mother?" asked the old gentleman after an awkward pause, with the kindly intention of setting his caller at rest.

"I love her. I—I passionately adore her. She—she has promised to marry me if you consent," announced Mr. Askam in a wild burst of eloquence.

"What! Your mother?" cried the old gentleman, aghast.

"No, no," explained the thoroughly confused Mr. Askam. "Yours."

"My mother? Are you crazy?" demanded the old gentleman excitedly.

"I shall be in a minute," moaned the wretched Mr. Askam. "Sir," he continued, the words falling slowly and cautiously from his agitated lips, "I—came—here—to ask—your—consent—to marry—me."

"Eh?" cried the old gentleman.

"I'll—I'll write it!" shouted the unhappy Mr. Askam, struck by a happy thought as he burst madly out of the room. And in that way matters were at last straightened to everyone's satisfaction.

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Part II. of the IMPERIAL NAVAL AND MILITARY ALBUM—the October Number—is now ready, price One Shilling. From the following footlines you will get some idea of the contents:

A...
PRIZE.
OF...

£1,000

FOR THOSE
INTERESTED
IN FOOTBALL.

The Proprietors of *Pearson's Weekly* hereby agree to give the sum of One Thousand Pounds to the person who shall correctly insert beforehand what shall ultimately prove to be the correct figures in the twelve spaces provided below. It will be seen that on Saturday, October 23rd, the following important football clubs meet:

FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 2.

	Goals.		Goals.
1. SUNDERLAND . . .		v. ASTON VILLA . . .	
2. WEST BROMWICH ALBION		v. WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERS.	
3. BURY		v. EVERTON	
4. BLACKBURN ROVERS		v. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	
5. LIVERPOOL		v. DERBY COUNTY . . .	
6. BOLTON WANDERERS		v. NOTTS FOREST . . .	

Name

Address

DO NOT FOLD THE COUPON.

£1,000 every week is the most astounding sum ever offered in the history of Prize Competitions, but then the record of *Pearson's Weekly* in the past shows that it has always been in the front rank with originality of ideas and generosity in prize giving. Just think for one moment how little you have to do to gain this enormous sum, and think, too, that the most ordinary person has as much chance of winning it as the possessor of the cleverest brain existent. And yet it is no game of chance. Most likely the person who will win this One Thousand Pounds will be one who considers the merits of each club and sums up the form of the individual players.

Remember, too, that this prize is not for one week only, but that we offer a Thousand Pounds every week so long as the interest taken in this competition of ours is as much as we think it deserves.

Now, we want the following points to be clearly understood by every competitor:

1. A prize of £1,000 will be given to the competitor who fills up the twelve spaces above absolutely correctly. In the event of more than one correct solution the Thousand Pounds will be divided.
2. If no reader gets an absolutely correct solution a consolation prize of £5 will be given to the sender of the most nearly correct.
3. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision. Hopeless grizzlers and grumblers kindly stay out.
4. Any reader may send in as many coupons as he likes; two, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand. All coupons must reach us not later than Friday, October 22nd; any envelope bearing a postmark later than Thursday, October 21st will be disqualified.
5. If you should happen to want only one more coupon don't buy two copies of *Pearson's Weekly*, but on Wednesday next purchase a copy of PEARSON'S ATHLETIC RECORD (One Penny), where this coupon will also be found. You will then get something fresh to read and a good deal of useful information about the form and capabilities of the teams mentioned above.
6. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, fill in the number of goals which they think will be scored by each team, put their name and address on the space provided, and send to

"FOOTBALL,"

Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

For the convenience of those who wish to make more than one attempt we have prepared separate coupons, which we will send by post to applicants at the rate of twenty for a shilling. Those who want them must send postal orders for as many packets of twenty as they require, and must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Coupons will be sent by return.

APPLICATIONS FOR COUPONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE STOPPED CLOCK.

By C. RANDOLPH LICHFIELD.

DESPITE his jaunty step and the easy carriage of his well-proportioned body, Paul Jourde wore an air of extreme perturbation as he walked quickly down the Rue de Rivoli. There was an angry light in his eyes, and his lips twitched nervously as they smiled under his thick black beard and displayed his glistening teeth.

"Ah, ma mie," he muttered softly, in a mellow tone, "I feared it would come to this: you would love me longer than I liked! How inconsiderate are women, especially beautiful women; and you are beautiful, ma mie. But *moi de ma vie!* as that villain of a Charles IX. used to say, I know one more beautiful than thou, and one more wise than thou; for she, ma mie, waited until I loved her ere she adored me, while thou—alas, ma mie, thou hast not been wise. I liked you, and you loved me; good. I ceased to like you, for I learnt to love another, and you adored me; bad. You will never leave me? Never? But, ma mie, my beautiful Marie must never know what you have been to me, for child of innocence that she is, she loves me, and her sentimental pride would be wounded if she heard of you. A woman of Marie's quaint ideas could never reconcile herself to wedding a man who had another wife. 'Tis strange, but 'tis true, even though she love me. Hence you must go, ma mie. I grieve—but you must go. You told me yesterday that you would never part from me. I laughed, you frowned, and in that frown I read a threat that dried the laughter in my throat. I know, oh, vixen that thou art! that thou wilt never leave me wittingly, but alas, ma mie, the fates have said it shall be so. It shall be so."

His lips closed tightly over his clenched teeth, but his cynical smile still hung about them.

"I lie to myself when I say I do not fear her, for, *ma foi!* is she not Spanish, and does she not love me? Rue de la Seine? 'Tis here."

He had now reached a quiet street that ran down to the river, with large buildings on each side let out in flats. He knew the house, for he had been there once before. Someone was coming towards him. He crossed the road, and drew his collar up, waiting until the man had passed by. Then he crossed quickly back again, and sighed as if relieved that the porter was absent from his post, and nowhere to be seen. He mounted the stone stairs, three at a time, until he reached the second story. Here he passed rapidly down a passage, and entered a door. Standing in the ante-chamber, he quietly closed the door after him, and opened another on the right. This led into a sitting-room, well and tastefully furnished, where the lamps were lit and the blinds were down. A low, uneasy growl greeted him.

"Hish, old fellow, hish," he muttered low, snapping his fingers at the bloodhound that rose and strode towards him. "It is well, it is I. Lie down." And the hound crept back to its corner again.

Paul crossed the room to two large folding-doors, and, holding the handle in one hand, he tapped softly with the other.

"Who is there?" asked a sweet voice on the other side.

"I, ma mie; Paul," he replied tenderly and low.

"Ah, ma foi; you."

The door opened quickly, and a woman appeared. She was beautiful, and her eyes shone with pleasure and surprise. She came straight into the room with her hands, which angels, were they vain, might have envied, outstretched, and her full and ruddy lips parted in a smile of tender greeting. But, for the moment he avoided her.

"Send your hound away; you know I hate him," he said, somewhat irritably.

"Why? Because he loves me?" she asked, driving the dog into the other room.

"No, because you love him."

"Then you are jealous of me?" and her eyes lit again.

"Pardon me, but I am; you are so beautiful," he replied, going towards her with his left arm extended and his right at his side. "Come, ma mie, and let me chase that smile that hovers round your lips."

She slid into his arms. Her face, upturned to his, grew suddenly pale and haggard. A sigh escaped her quivering lips and a violent spasm seized her as she sank into his arms. Then her body grew limp and heavy, her eyes grew dim and large, and her lips that closed on his lips were closed on the lips of Death.

He carried her to the fireplace and let her sink naturally but noiselessly upon the rug, then he drew from her side a stiletto, which he wiped on the hem of her dress, and replaced on the right side of his belt. With trembling fingers he snatched a vase from the mantel-shelf and, breaking it upon his knee, threw the pieces upon the floor. Next he took the small clock on the shelf, stopped it, put the hands forward twenty minutes that it marked a quarter past seven, and laid it close beside the body on the ground.

Then he turned out both the lamps, went out, locked the door after him, and hurried fast away. The porter was still absent, and he passed out unseen by anyone.

Pulling his hat down over his eyes and buttoning up the collar of his coat, he hurried down the Rue de la Seine and into another street. Here he hailed a cab and drove to the Rue de l'Opéra.

Paying the driver, he alighted, threw open his coat, raised his hat and put it lightly upon his head, and entered a café. He made his way leisurely to a table, where two friends awaited him.

"You are late, Jourde," said one, by way of greeting.

"Oh, no, my friend," he replied, smiling. "I am to time. I said between seven and a quarter past. Look at the clock yonder; it is ten minutes past. And also by my watch. See? So I am here five minutes within my limit. Now for dinner. What will you fellows have?"

Paul Jourde was walking along one of the boulevards the

following morning, when someone touched him lightly upon the arm.

"Monsieur, will you be good enough to accompany me to the office of Monsieur le Commissaire de Police?" "What?" "Certainly," replied Jourde smiling, but pale. "What does M. le Commissaire desire of me?" "That is not for me to say, monsieur. Shall we drive?" "No."

They walked together: it was not far to the police office, where they entered the presence of the Commissaire, an elderly man with an intellectual face and quick, penetrating glance.

"Monsieur Paul Jourde?" he asked immediately.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Jourde.

"Will you be good enough to tell me where you were between the hours of seven and eight last evening?"

"Perhaps you in turn will be good enough to tell me what all this means?" Jourde said stiffly.

"Answer my question, please."

"Well," with a shrug, "at seven I was in the Rue de Rivoli, whence I went to Café d'Emil, where I remained until half-past eight, dining with two friends."

"Their names, monsieur?"

Jourde promptly gave the names and addresses of his two friends, and the Commissaire immediately dispatched two messengers. Then he returned to his interrogation.

"What time did you reach the café, monsieur?"

"Between seven and a quarter past."

"Can you prove it?"

"I'm not in the habit of lying."

"No, but it is highly important that you should prove what you say."

"I can do so."

"Good! Bertie," said the Commissaire, turning to the man who had accosted Jourde on the boulevard, "are you sure of what you say?"

"Certainly. It ran for eight days. It was going at six, the servant says, and it was only half run down when I examined it. The glass face was only cracked, as I said."

"Then if monsieur here can prove his presence at the café last night at seven fifteen, he is innocent."

"In my opinion, yes."

Meanwhile, Jourde wore an expression of the utmost mystification, listening intently to the words of both men.

At the word "innocent" he started.

"Pray, monsieur, enlighten me," he said.

The Commissaire replied by further questions.

"Do you know anyone living in the Rue de la Seine?"

"Yes, my wife lives there."

"When did you see her last?"

"The day before yesterday."

"In her house?"

"No, at mine. It was her wish that we should live separately for a time. I went only once to her house: three months ago."

"Bertie," said the Commissaire, "show this gentleman into the private waiting-room until I can examine his friends."

"But, monsieur," protested Jourde, "be good enough to explain this mystery."

"In the cause of justice," he replied, firmly but courteously, "I cannot. When I have seen your friends it may be my painful duty to do so. For the present put your confidence in my impartiality."

Two hours later the Commissaire entered the room where Jourde (after vainly using every inducement to lead his custodian to explain the mystery of his arrest and detention) was waiting, pacing up and down impatiently.

"Monsieur," he said gravely, "it is my duty to convey to you some terrible news."

"Proceed."

"Your wife was brutally murdered last evening."

The blow staggered Jourde. He gasped for breath, and clutched convulsively at a chair as if he were about to fall.

"Do you mean that?" he cried in a hollow tone.

"Alas! yes, monsieur."

"By whom? Ah! I see now! I see. You suspected me?"

"We did you that injustice, monsieur," replied the Commissaire sorrowfully. "But your statement, your alibi, has been proved by your friends. Consequently, you are at liberty to leave here at your wish."

Jourde stared at him in a dazed manner a few moments, and then, as if conquering himself, seized his hat.

"Dead, dead!" he muttered, with his eyes bent upon the ground. And he hurried out without another word.

"Unhappy man!" murmured the Commissaire, as he watched Jourde disappear down one of the passages.

Ten minutes later, a *sergent de ville*, stationed outside the office, noticed a large dog lumbering down the road with its nose bent upon the ground. The hound came steadily along, and stopped at the door of the office, sniffing all round. Then it started off again, taking the direction in which Jourde had gone.

Leaving the office of the Commissaire, Jourde hurried away, glancing over his shoulder once or twice to see if he were being followed. Satisfied that he was not, he turned in at a café, where he drank a small bottle of wine, and ate a few dry biscuits.

"Three o'clock," he muttered, glancing at his watch. "Too late to-day. To-morrow. Meantime what can I do? I must seek some place where I can be alone, and think. Alone. Where? How hot the air seems? Where can I get into the fields, and be alone, and breathe the air of the country and of—freedom. Of course. I know."

He paid for his wine, and went out.

"It is not far," he said thoughtfully. "The walk would help to clear my brain," and he hurried down the street.

It was an hour's walk to the fields he knew, but it did not seem so long to him; he was preoccupied. "Ma mie," "Cheated Justice," and "Marie" flashed through his mind a thousand times. He neither saw nor heard the passengers

and vehicles that at first thronged the street, and then grew thinner and more rare the further he walked on.

The evening was gathering, and a cold mist hung about the streets, but he scarcely noticed it. He seemed to walk on air; to see the radiant smile with which "Marie" would greet him on the morrow, to feel her soft, warm breath upon his cheek, and hear her mellow voice as she purred sweet words of welcome.

Suddenly he raised his head, and found himself alone—alone in the cold, mist-clad fields, with a few lights glimmering in the distance through the damp atmosphere. The grass was wet to his light-shod feet, and the fencing he leant against was damp and cold. A shiver ran through him, and he turned to walk back.

It was quite dark now, and his intense excitement had suddenly been superseded by a feeling of some impending ill. It was not conscience. It was not because he was alone. He did not feel he was alone. He felt he was not alone. He knew he was not alone! For there, through the mist, he discerned the form of a huge hound coming slowly towards him; and it struck terror in him. It seemed as if "Ma mie" had risen up before him. How had the bloodhound followed him, and why?

A thought flashed through his mind, and a heavy body sprang through the air and fixed its great white fangs in his bearded throat with an angry muffled growl.

On the instant Jourde's hand went to his side for his stiletto, but the weight of the hound brought him down to the ground with a thud, and a gasp, and a groan. And those fangs hung on like vices, and each breath was a numbered moan.

It was hopeless for him to struggle. His life was a matter of moments now. But he wrested his knife from his belt and plunged it deep in the chest of the hound, that stumbled, collapsed, and died. But its fangs still clung to the bearded throat, and it died on a dead man's breast.

Why do Foot Passengers "Keep to the Right"?

WHY foot passengers "keep to the right" and vehicles to the left in passing one another is a matter which has frequently provoked wonder. An inquiring friend who has gone into the matter has recently explained the origin of the custom.

"The foot traveller," he said, "in ancient times passed to the right, in order that the shield on the left arm might be interposed to ward off a treacherous blow, and the right, or sword arm, be free to strike."

"Horsemen, however, usually had mail to protect them, and there was more safety in being near the antagonist than in having to strike across the horse, as would have been necessary had they turned to the right. When vehicles came into use later, the drivers instinctively followed the old horseback customs, and turned to the left."

But this information does not satisfy us. In most European countries, and also in the United States, it is customary for all vehicular traffic to keep to the right, not the left.

BROWNE: "Who wrote 'Birds of a Feather Flock Together'?"

TOWNE: "Some idiot who had never been out shooting."

"He pressed her to his breast and sighed," read the elocutionist; and the boy in the gallery brought down the house by yelling: "Which side?"

"Yes, we went all over Europe, but papa really only enjoyed himself in Venice!"

"Ah, yes, no wonder! The gondolas, St Mark's, the Rialto, the—"

"Oh, it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the window."

IN one of the public schools an inspector was examining a class. His subject was on animals. The inspector thought for a moment, and then asked the class:

"What appearance has the zebra?"

Nobody seemed to understand the question, so he made it more plain by saying: "What is a zebra?"

To this question an answer was soon obtained, for a small boy called out: "A donkey with a football jersey on."

BE SURE AND SIGN THIS COUPON.

As already announced, we have now made arrangements with the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION by which it is only necessary to sign the coupon given below, instead of the two separate coupons as hitherto, in order to become entitled to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway and the £100 Football and Cycling Insurance.

INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle him or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of either the £2,000 Railway Insurance or the Football and Cycling Insurance, in case of accident, provided the conditions of the Insurance coupons have been fulfilled.

Signature.....
Available from 5 p.m., Friday, October 15th, until midnight, Saturday, October 23rd, 1897. For full particulars see pages 231 and 234.

—The proprietor of a victualling house (which term includes hotels, inns, alehouses, and livery stables) is obliged by law to provide for the accommodation of the number of soldiers and horses billeted upon him by the police authorities.—

The Battle of Trafalgar.

AS SEEN THROUGH SPANISH SPECTACLES.

OUR account of the battle fought off the shoals of Trafalgar Bay differs considerably from yours, which, with all deference to your national pride, does not necessarily imply that it is the Spanish account that is inaccurate.

You work up a tremendous amount of enthusiasm on the 21st of October, and whenever the battle is mentioned. That is quite right and proper, because you believe that you gained a most glorious victory. But did you gain such a victory? Is your jubilation justified? "Fair play" is the motto of the British; then, in fairness and justice, read and study the Spanish account of the great naval engagement.

I have had the advantage of studying the story of Trafalgar as described and depicted in words and pictures by men who took part in it. The following, collated from various sources, is an accurate account of what really took place.

On the 19th of October, 1805, the allied Spanish and French fleets sailed from Cadiz, under the command of the French Admiral, de Villeneuve. There was deep discontent among the Spaniards at being under de Villeneuve, who was accused of incompetence and cowardice. The incapacity of this commander was soon demonstrated; and in the battle of Trafalgar our allies showed far more prudence than valour. Had the British been confronted by a fleet consisting entirely of Spanish ships, under a Spanish commander, the result would have been even more disastrous to them than it was.

It was early on the 21st when we sighted the enemy's fleet, and we formed in one compact line, Spanish and French mixed. The British were not at all inclined to attack, and we began to think that they would sail away.

Then Villeneuve showed his incapacity by ordering us to face about. Our line was broken, and the enemy took advantage of it. And at this point I may state that some of the French vessels took no part in the battle, and others slipped away early in the fight. Villeneuve himself weakly surrendered to an inferior foe.

As soon as the British got fairly within range, we began the battle. The *Santa Ana* fired a shot that left its mark on the *Royal Sovereign*, Collingwood's vessel; the next instant the whole of our line opened fire as if by clockwork, and the British suffered terribly.

The *Santisima Trinidad* prepared to give a hearty welcome to Nelson and the *Victory*; but—probably because he saw it and remembered his previous experience with the *Trinidad*—Nelson veered off and engaged with a less dangerous foe in the French *Redoutable*.

The battle was now fairly general, and the British had their work cut out from the very beginning to hold their own.

Beaten back by the *Redoutable*, Nelson, in his anxiety to get clear of her, brought the *Victory* into such a position that she was exposed to the broadside of the *Trinidad*. The latter was hotly engaged with a British vessel which she had all but sunk; but the opportunity was too good to be lost. Still trying to keep her original antagonist, the *Trinidad* delivered a broadside of fifty guns at the *Victory*. The execution was fearful.

Our men, wild with enthusiasm, poured another broadside into the now half-submerged *Victory*.

It was clear that the *Victory* would soon be compelled to strike, and our men worked with a will to hasten the climax. Broadsides were delivered at the *Victory* in rapid succession until she was so battered that she could scarcely keep afloat; our men were preparing to board her, when Nelson was heard to give an order to haul down the flag!

The *Victory* and Nelson were really in our hands; but at that moment—and just in time to save the commander—the *Temeraire*, the *Neptune*, and another ship came to the rescue, and Nelson retired.

The *Trinidad* gallantly fought with her three antagonists, each one superior in size to herself, and ere the battle ended she had sunk the third vessel, and so crippled the others that they were glad to escape from her.

In the meantime similar unequal duels were being fought all round.

The *Santa Ana* proved to be more than a match for the *Royal Sovereign*, despite the immense superiority of Collingwood's ship. In a very short time the British vessel was reduced to a mere wreck. Our officers, through their glasses, caught a glimpse of Collingwood's anxious countenance. Half his crew were slain, and the Spaniards were preparing to board; signals were made to other warships to render assistance, and the Spaniards hurried to board the *Royal Sovereign* before triumph should be snatched from them by the arrival of help.

With cries of victory our men threw themselves upon the British sailors, who, after a feeble resistance, fled from the deck, many actually jumping overboard. Collingwood defended himself against one of our officers, but had to surrender. Just as a Spaniard hauled down the British flag, the *Mars*, *Belle-Isle*, *Colossus*, and *Thunderer* came up, and our men had to return to the *Santa Ana* to fight the new antagonists.

The four British ships covered the retreat of Collingwood's vessel, which sunk soon afterwards. The *Santa*

Ana had now four enemies to deal with, but she was a match for them all.

Admiral Gravina, in the *Principe de Asturias*, had tried to get at the *Victory*, but had been prevented by the *Dreadnought*, the *Revenge*, and the *Polyphemus*. Gravina's ship made short work of the last two, which sank with all that remained of their crews. Their places were taken by the *Thunderer* and the *Defiance*, but still Gravina fought on, and with such fury that the British ships were glad to seize the first opportunity of escaping.

It was the same with the *San Juan Nepomuceno* and the *Neptuno*; each had to contend against four of the enemy's vessels. The *San Juan* triumphed, sinking one of her antagonists and crippling the others. The *Neptuno* was captured after a desperate fight, in which one of the British warships was blown up. But we re-captured the *Neptuno* and sunk the ship which tried to prevent it.

All along the line the British ships were crippled or sunk. The *Trinidad* made an attempt to get at the *Victory* again, but that vessel fled as fast as it could. As it passed the *Redoutable* again, it received a broadside and a volley from the muskets. Nelson fell mortally wounded. The French claim that the shot that struck him was fired from the *Redoutable*, but there is no doubt that it came from the *Trinidad*.

The battle was over. Beaten at all points, a number of their ships destroyed and the rest so badly damaged that they were almost useless, their commander and hundreds of their men killed, discouraged and thoroughly broken in spirit, the British set sail and fled.

The Spanish would have pursued them, but the wind had risen and a storm was threatening. Gravina issued orders not to follow them, believing that the coming storm would finish our work. To that circumstance is due the fact that any of the British vessels were left to reach England.

That is the glorious victory which you celebrate with such pride!

Housemaids, Beware!

"And now," said the banker, when they had entered the private office and closed the door, "what can I do for you?"

The sinister looking stranger drew from his pocket a glass vessel securely corked, containing a yellowish liquid.

"I want money," he said, "and I must have it. If I were to drop this glass on the floor and break it, both of us would be blown into a thousand pieces."

The banker scribbled an address upon a card. "Take that thing up to my house," he said, "and turn it over to our new servant girl, and then name your price."

EXASPERATED JUDGE (whose patience has been sorely tried by the plaintiff and defendant): "My chief regret is that I can't decide against both sides."

HE: "Oh! I had such a sweet thing said to me the other day. I was told that my mouth was like a rose bud set in thorns, don't you know?"

SHE: "Ah! I see. I suppose they meant you wanted shaving?"

"My friends," said the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look at himself squarely in the eyes, and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?"

"A rubber neck," shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room; and, in the confusion which followed, the good man lost his place in his manuscript, and began over again.

WHO WILL HAVE 2s. 6d.?

We Want Some Helpers.

WE have some bills we want distributing and hanging up in all kinds of shops all over the country. We offer half-a-crown to anyone who will take 20 of them and distribute them in his or her neighbourhood on Saturday, October 30th.

All you have to do is to send your name and address at once to "Work," Pearson's, Henrietta Street, W.C., saying you will get 20 shopkeepers to hang these bills in their shops or in their windows for at least a week from that Saturday, and we will forward you the bills. Then, after the week is up, you send us a list with the names and addresses of the shops, as a guarantee of good faith, and we will send you half-a-crown.

Anyone over 12 can do it. HALF-A-CROWN for you! You must send at once, as we expect a large number of applicants. Recollect that the bills must be exhibited for at least a week. It probably will not take you an hour to get the promises of 20 shopkeepers and give them the bills, and you get 2s. 6d. for it!

The Great Town Race.

WHY THESE PLACES HAVE TAKEN THE LEAD.

NO more striking example can be given of a large town that has become noted the world over for its push and enterprise than that of Manchester. Nothing that can increase the city's chances of competing with its powerful rivals is allowed to slip by the keen Mancurians.

When, a few years ago, Manchester had the offer of buying Lake Thirlmere in the Lake District, and thus becoming possessed of an absolutely pure and inexhaustible water supply, the city at once rose to the occasion and bought the lake. It made no trouble of the cost of laying pipes all the way from Westmoreland to South Lancashire, and it consequently now has the finest supply of water of any city in the world.

Again, look what Manchester has done in the ship-canal business! How many English or Scotch towns would have ever undertaken such a gigantic scheme; and how few even of those would have carried it out successfully in the face of such terrible opposition and rebuffs? Yet the great cotton metropolis has done it, and will, in due course, reap the reward.

The prosperity of Middlesbrough, almost a "mush-room" town, might have been the lot of several adjacent towns had they given half the time, energy, and money to developing the iron that the great Yorkshire town has done. The success of this town has been well deserved, and the foresight which made it rear its furnaces and build its docks before its rivals could see or expect the immense trade that was coming to the Cleveland district, has met with ample justification.

Birmingham may, indeed, be looked upon as the great and most serious rival of the great cotton town in the seizing of any good chance that comes its way. Who can forget the state of the capital of the Midlands before the Chamberlain régime? Its narrow, dirty streets, its ugly buildings, its general appearance of broken-down municipalism were well known.

But when, with an enlightened council and citizens, Birmingham got the opportunity, though at a very great cost, of altering all this, the chance was immediately taken, and almost as if by magic, the course of a few years saw the city so thoroughly changed that a long-absent native would hardly have recognised it.

Leeds has just had an excellent chance, of which she has promptly availed herself. The greatest friend of Leeds could not express delight with the squalid streets and houses in the centre of the town, known as "The Insanitary Area." But there has suddenly arisen an opportunity for Leeds to get rid of all this, if she were willing to pay a million and a half of money in cash. It is a "tall" order, but Leeds has risen to it with a spirit that would do credit to the Lancashire or Midland town, and the reward will come in due time.

Glasgow has never been behindhand in looking out for Number One. There is more than one town on the Clyde that might have become almost what Glasgow has; there is more than one that to-day has even a superior situation to hers. But the famous Scotch town built her docks, deepened and widened the river, and made all preparations for trade, whilst her neighbours sat deliberating and "thinking about it;" hence to-day she enjoys the reputation of being the third town in these islands, not only from the point of view of population, but from several other things as well.

If you have noticed the traffic returns on the business side of your daily paper at the different English ports, you will have observed with some surprise the long way ahead which the port of Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, is over all other towns as regards its imports of fish. The enormous amount of over a million tons was brought into Grimsby last year.

Why has this town acquired such a prosperous trade? Simply because it seized the opportunity which was offered a few years ago. The people of Grimsby saw that there was a regular and large demand for fish through the whole of England by people at their own private homes who were either too far from the ordinary town shops, or where, owing to the fish shop having a monopoly, the price was about sixty per cent. more than in the ordinary market.

The Grimsby dealers decided to alter this; hence the advertisements you see so regularly in all the papers of "Fish direct from the fishermen." Also Grimsby, seeing the trade that would ensue, went thoroughly into the business of building docks, arranging for the carriage by rail, and making all preparations in good time, thus effectively blocking any anticipated rivalry.

No more pushing and busy seaside town exists in England to-day than Blackpool, the famous Lancashire watering-place. Whilst many other seaside places are struggling against the tide of competition with a few visitors, who don't spend much, Blackpool has always its houses well filled, and its shops rejoice each season in a large and prosperous trade. Why? Simply that this enterprising town learnt in good time that people don't go to the seaside in summer to sit all day on the sands, and gape and stare at the sea and sandhills, but that they need amusement.

Hence, Blackpool has more interest, more pleasure, more jollity for the average Northern man than almost all the towns on the South Coast put together; and so the people from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands go there year after year, and do not even go, just for once, to see the lovely scenery of many other places, which beat Blackpool hollow in this respect.

—He must also supply on receipt of a rate of payment (which is fixed by statute) refreshments for the men and forage for the horses. A picture appears in the Imperial Naval and Military Album of a trumpeter of Field Artillery entering a stable to which he has been allotted.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

8727. On which Building was the Largest Sum Expended with the Least Satisfactory Result?

The bridge built by the Roman Emperor Caligula from Baiae to Puteoli, so that he might boast of having crossed the sea on horseback. Upon it were many houses and places of entertainment; and it is said to have cost several millions sterling, besides an extraordinary loss of human life, for at its dedication festival the Emperor ordered hundreds of the spectators to be drowned in honour of the event. Another case in point was the Ez Zahra, "the City of the Fairest," built by the Moorish monarch Abd-er-Rahman III. outside Cordova in honour of his favourite wife. He spent one-third of his revenue upon it for twenty-five years, and his successor did the same for fifteen years. Yet it was entirely destroyed by the Christians soon after its completion, the description of its past grandeur being all that was left to posterity.

8728. What are the Chief Objections to the Support of Hospitals by the State?

The first and greatest objection would undoubtedly be the drying up of that stream of public charity which does so much good both to givers and receivers. In the second place, the administration would almost certainly be less humane, more formal, and more expensive than it is. For one thing, it could not be expected that the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the land would give their services to the State for nothing as they now give them to hospitals. Then, again, everyone would think he or she had a right to go to a State-supported hospital, and the number of people who now go to hospitals though they can very well afford a doctor of their own would be immensely increased, and of course rates would increase proportionately. Lastly, there would be no efficient control as at present, as the subscribers have now the power of immediately correcting any abuse by withholding or transferring their subscriptions, and as the competition for these is very keen, governing bodies have to be exceedingly careful. Hospitals, in short, are now servants of the public which support them. Under State control they would be more like masters.

8731. Which is the Best Historical Example of "A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed"?

In the national sense it would be difficult to find a parallel to the devotion of the little state of Plataea to Athens, its former benefactor, when all Greece was threatened with conquest and enslavement by the legions of Darius. From various causes the other Grecian States, including even the warlike Sparta, had stood aloof, leaving Athens to bear the brunt of the onset alone. In the nick of time Plataea mustered its total fighting force, amounting only to some thousand men, and marched to the assistance of the Athenians on the for-ever memorable field of Marathon. The result, in all human probability, of their prompt assistance was a victory which changed the history of the world. In gratitude for this the Athenians admitted the Plataeans to fellow-citizenship with themselves, and thenceforth the invocation for the blessings of the gods coupled the State of Plataea with that of Athens. In modern times no country has ever found such a friend in need as Egypt has found in Britain. Thanks to British management, Egypt has been rescued from bankruptcy and ruin, and her people from beggary and slavery. Bankruptcy has been turned into prosperity, slaves have been made into soldiers, and the tide of invasion which once threatened to overwhelm the whole country has been rolled back into the desert, while a large portion of the area over which it swept unchecked has been added to the Khedive's dominions.

3729. Which is the Earliest Historical Mention of a Canal?

Canals date back to the earliest times, and are doubtless primarily due to the genius for irrigation displayed by the ancient Egyptians. Herodotus' account (B.C. 484) of Bahr Jousuf—the Canal of Joseph—is probably the first descriptive historic notice of a canal. The name indicates its ascribed origin, and for some 4,000 years it has fertilised the naturally desert province of Fayoum with borrowed Nile water, and transformed it into a garden of vines and olives. The first Suez Canal is also mentioned by Herodotus, who declares it to be the work of Pharaoh Necho (B.C. 600). Egyptian pictorial representations of canals have been discovered by archaeologists, which probably ante-date the verbal accounts of the oldest of Greek historians by many centuries, and therefore furnish what may be regarded as the earliest proofs and notice of the existence of canals.

3730. Which English Custom can be Traced Back to the Remotest Antiquity?

It would be rather difficult to choose between the burning of the Yule Log at Christmas and the decoration of rooms with mistletoe and holly. Both go back beyond the dawn of history. The Yule Log is a relic of the pre-historic house-fire in the days when, as Max Müller says, "the hearth was the first altar." Its kindling was probably symbolical of the return of the sun after the winter solstice, and took place at the same time as the setting-up of the evergreen plant which was the parent of our Christmas-tree. The cutting of the mistletoe was part of the Druidic ceremonial at this same season, and is also of unknown antiquity. A much less general custom, that of lighting bonfires on St. John's Eve, now mainly confined to the extreme West of England and Wales, comes from the Phœnicians, and the boys and young men who jump over the fires "for luck" have very little idea that they are perpetuating the passing of children through the fire to Moloch, which was one of the sins which brought destruction on Canaan.

3732. In which Country are Physical and Mental Culture Most Closely Combined?

Switzerland, Sweden, and Norway are singularly regardless of the two-sided character of education, making it at once physical and mental. It is true that Germany includes in its educational system gymnastic exercises, and for this purpose we find the gymnasia and pro-gymnasia. These, however, correspond with the grammar schools and public schools of Britain, and do not indicate so widespread an attention to physical culture as one would surmise. In Sweden and Norway there are fifteen normal seminaries, and both in them and in the primary and secondary schools much prominence is given to physical training. Every important school has gymnastic apparatus connected with it. Nor is industrial instruction neglected. Switzerland vies with all other countries in regard to physical culture, for it has its cantonal gymnasia and technical or industrial schools. Which of these three countries should be placed first it is not easy to decide. Sweden has thirty-one agricultural and eight technical schools, eight schools of forestry, ten of navigation, and two large industrial schools, and Norway keeps nearly level in this regard. Switzerland, again, has as many as 171 professional and industrial schools, all tending to the physical as well as the mental development of its students. Having regard to the fact that gymnastic apparatus is found even in the primary schools of Sweden, we may safely place it first. In England, physical culture is quite a matter of choice with the various managing bodies of schools.

3733. Which Familiar Spectacle in London would Probably Most Astonish a Newly-Imported Savage?

A policeman regulating the traffic in Cheapside or Piccadilly. A savage naturally acts upon impulse, and looks upon might as meaning very much the same thing as right. When, therefore, he saw one man, by simply holding up his hand, controlling long lines of horses and vehicles, stopping one and sending another forward, he would regard the blue-coated official as a magician of the highest order. But when he recognised that scores

of carriages containing, perhaps, personages of high rank, were arrested in their course in order that a baby in a perambulator, or an old woman, might be safely conveyed across the road, his astonishment would be unbounded. The thing would appear monstrous to him. Even if he were told the reasons for such extraordinary tenderness to old women and young children, he would be unable to comprehend them; and that such an intangible thing as law should keep in perfect order a street full of busy and impatient people, and clothe the uplifted hand of one man with the force of a regiment of soldiers, would probably be absolutely incredible to him. The thing is a marvel even to civilised Europeans; to an untutored savage it would be a miracle.

3734. Which is the Most Difficult Fish to Catch?

There are, of course, several little known varieties of fish inhabiting the deeper parts of the ocean which are, in the nature of the case, almost impossible to catch with ordinary appliances, but of fish that are regularly angled for, the carp in its wild state is probably the most difficult to take with hook or net. It is probably the most cunning fish that swims, and very skilfully baited and deftly used must be the hook that will deceive it. When it sees a net approaching, instead of getting flurried as other fish do, it will bury itself in the mud and let the net pass over it, or take a leap and go over the top of it. On the other hand, carp that are regularly fed in ponds are the tamest of all fish. Of sea fish, the bass or sea-perch, although it is voracious and bites readily is one of the most difficult fish to land. It is so cunning that it will even double under the boat's bottom and try and saw the line asunder against the keel. It is a powerful fish, and fights gamely, and often with success, for its freedom. Even when it is tired out it is so formidably armed with spikes and teeth-like projections that it is by no means an easy matter to finally secure it. The well-known Thames trout deserves some mention for its extreme wariness and difficulty of capture.

3735. Which Reigning Sovereign has the Least Right to His or Her Throne?

King Oscar II. of Sweden. In the year 1809 Gustavus IV., the rightful sovereign of Sweden, was driven from his throne by his subjects on account of his misgovernment and anti-Napoleonic views. At the same time, through French influences, his uncle was placed upon the throne, under the title of Charles XIII. In 1810 this Charles XIII. proclaimed Bernadotte, the son of a French advocate and one of Napoleon's generals, heir-apparent to the Swedish throne. In spite of the opposition of all the sovereigns of Europe, both before and after the Battle of Waterloo, Bernadotte ascended the throne in 1818 as Charles XIV. The present King is his great-grandson, Gustavus IV., after his deposition, lived in retirement, having taken the name of Gustafson, which all his descendants since have borne. All disabilities against this, the real Royal Family of Sweden, were removed in 1945 by Oscar I., son of Bernadotte.

3740. In which Part of the World is Human Ingenuity of Least Value?

In very different senses the question would be equally answered by those parts which give most and least to man. Thus, for instance, no amount of human ingenuity could make some of the islands of Polynesia more of a paradise to live in than they are. Nature gives practically everything that is needed from the lotus-eater's point of view. Hardly any work is needed and none that is not rather amusement than work, and in every case in which the ingenuity of less favoured climes has been introduced, the result has been to decrease and not increase the real comfort and pleasure of existence. On the other hand it is difficult to see in what way the exercise of any amount of ingenuity on the materials at hand could improve the conditions of life in such regions as Terra del Fuego or Kerguelen Land. It must, however, be understood that exercise of ingenuity does not mean the importation of the appliances of civilised life.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3761. Which country has proved itself the most apt pupil of experience?
3762. Why is ice more slippery than glass?
3763. Is it possible to tell in which direction a bicycle has passed by the track on the road?
3764. Which is the best example of "Truth spoken in jest"?
3765. Which is the most curious survival of savage customs among civilised nations?
3766. Is it true that white wine is much more intoxicating than red wine of the same alcoholic strength?
3767. Which is the most serious quarrel that has ever taken place between an English king and his prime minister?
3768. Which is the best instance at the present day of a man exercising great powers and yet being almost unknown to the ordinary public?
3769. Are members of large families usually stronger than members of small families?
3770. Is it true that a bad temper has an injurious physical effect on the digestion?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

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The duties of marines on board ship are many and various. One of the illustrations in the October Imperial Album shows three marines engaged in lamp-trimmers' work; they are cleaning the bow and steam lights and a couple of Admiral Colomb's hand lamps.

Tricks of Leather Hunters.

SOME LITTLE DODGES WHICH HAVE SAVED DEFEAT.

It is just as well that there is refereeing in football, for without the institution it would be impossible to say where the tricks and dodges of players would end. Even with the genial but oft-despised referee on the field, dodging is resorted to just the same, but perhaps in a less pronounced form.

Here, for instance, is a trick that's often done by a certain goal-keeper of the Everton Club. When the ball is near his goal-line, and followed up by the other side, this crack runs out, picks up the ball, and throws it with force against the chest of an opponent, so that it rebounds over the line and averts a catastrophe.

A dodge that is in favour with some players is that where there is difficulty with the pass, the way out of it is to tip the ball up so that it shall come into contact with an opponent's hand, when, of course, a free-kick is claimed.

In the Association game free-kick the referee has to see that the leather is placed exactly on the right spot. If he be a very precise man he will balance it on a particular blade of grass, so to speak, but the moment he turns his back the kicker re-arranges the ball and manages to sneak a few yards.

A trick that's now played out was the familiar one of a player feigning illness, throwing himself on the sward, and saving the air with his legs as if he were in the greatest agony. This was only done when the "sufferer's" side was in danger of losing, and, in compliance with the law, the referee, on account of the player's supposed illness, stopped the game.

When the heart of the referee did not melt with pity, and he permitted the game to be played on, it was amusing to watch the "sufferer" jump up and throw himself into the game. This subterfuge is occasionally indulged in at the present time.

During *inches* round the goal-mouth, it often happens that a player, other than the goal-keeper, punches the ball, which is a serious kind of dodge. So scandalous was the habit some years ago, that the F.A. issued an order compelling goal-keepers to don different coloured sleeves, which was, of course, done, but their appearance on the field of battle was so incongruous with the surroundings, that chaffing the goal-keepers—who looked like over-grown jockeys with their multi-coloured shirts—was the order of the afternoon. The rule was rescinded after awhile, but the dodge referred to still lives.

Some dodges are genuine, others are not. The throw-in affords opportunities for tricks of a genuine nature, such as pelting the leather against the back of an opponent. In their great excitement to bring this *coup* to a climax, however, the throwers very often forget to touch the line, as ordered in the rules, and a penalty then follows. It is then the turn of the intended victims to laugh long and viciously at the culprit.

The Rugby game presents fewer facilities for tricking—but there are a few Rugby dodges. For instance, when taking a place-kick, a player frequently feints to kick, so as to invite a false charge from the opposing ranks. He does not kick, and then he appeals, always successfully, to the referee, claiming that no charge at all shall be allowed during the taking of the kick.

Again, in the line-out the player with the ball often bounces it so as to get it himself, instead of throwing it straight, as is the general rule. An artful kind of move—it cannot be called either a dodge or a trick—is to kick the ball, when two opponents are making for the line, over the head of one or the other, when the kicker will rush back again, thus taking advantage of the second or two of time it takes for the other man to turn round, and probably succeed in making a score. Every good footballer is up to a trick or two, if he knows the ropes, and many a little trick, dodge, move, or knack has saved defeat.

"I THOUGHT, Count, that you were a dead shot?"

"I am."

"And yet, though you said you would shoot your adversary through the heart, you hit him in the foot."

"It was an error of judgment. I thought his heart was in his boots; it turned out to be in his mouth."

FRIEND: "So yours was a case of love at first sight?"

Mrs. Lonejoy: "Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it all as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the promenade at Brighton, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: 'There, my dear, is a man worth £50,000.'"

"IN looking out of doors, do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the window, and you can see out better," she said.

The Courting.

ONCE there was a maiden fair,

A many years ago,

With laughing eyes and misty hair,

A many years ago.

And when the golden sun had fled,

Beyond the hills and day was dead,

Unto her door a brave youth sped,

A many years ago.

Adown the winding lanes they strayed,

A many years ago,

While Cupid on their heartstrings played,

A many years ago.

And moonlight were the summer skies,

And lovelight glistened in their eyes,

And earth to them was Paradise,

A many years ago.

He told the story new, yet old,

A many years ago,

The sweetest story ever told,

A many years ago.

He kissed her on the downy cheek,

Her blushes warm played hide and seek,

For love of him she could not speak,

A many years ago.

The maiden fair and gallant swain,

A many years ago,

Husband and wife at last became,

A many years ago.

But not each other did they wed.

She wedded a man whose wife was dead,

He wedded another maid instead,

A many years ago.

A Problem in Waistcoats.

AN old bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, wearing one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind, who chanced to be sojourning there. The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked him if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you?"

"Don't be afraid to tell me."

The old man hesitated, and with a faint return of animation, said:

"Weel, there's just one thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o'."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Weel, sir," said the old man eagerly, "it's just this. I canna for the life of me make out how ye manage to get into that waistcoat."

People Who Like Prison.

"It is a very remarkable thing, I consider, that there are scores of people who have a keen liking for prison, and some who will actually get themselves into trouble to get locked up," said an Inspector of Police to P.W. the other afternoon.

"People often go up to constables in the street, and, in perfect seriousness, request to be locked up, while others apply at prisons for exactly the same thing."

"I have had men come to me and confess that they were connected with some big robbery, and take no end of trouble to draw the matter round them, and when, after making inquiries, we have told them their stories were all bosh, and sent them about their business, they have flown into dreadful tempers, and said they were determined to get into prison somehow. Others have begged me to get them locked up upon the charge, if only for a time."

"You would naturally think that they were starving, and wanted to get into gaol for the food, but that is by no means always the case. Men earning good wages often come here in this way."

"The other day a man went up to a constable on point duty outside a public-house, and asked to be locked up. The constable, of course, refused, whereupon the man promptly smashed one of the windows of the public-house. He was taken in charge, and got two months, which was just what he wanted. I could give you a dozen cases like that."

"Sometimes men are married to women who make things too hot for them at home, and their way of getting out of it is to get locked up. They will pick a pocket or smash a window or assault a constable, and in this way get kept for nothing and safeguarded from their wives."

"There are many men, too, who would rather go to prison than to the workhouse, and when they can't find work they get themselves locked up. Many of the work they get themselves locked up. Many of the poorer class consider it much more degrading to go to the workhouse than to go to prison. There was a case, two days ago, of a man who smashed a hotel window so as to get into prison, because he could get no work and would not go to the workhouse."

The Truth about the French Duel.

THIS ARTICLE WILL LET YOU INTO A SECRET.

"NOWADAYS," said the arranger of duels, as he sipped his absinthe outside a Paris café, "the duello has become a mere advertising medium, through which bravado is exchanged for notoriety."

P.W. essayed a question: "You seem to speak with some authority. May I ask whether you are a journalist, or—or a man who knows?"

"Oh, the latter, decidedly. Why, I arrange these affairs. The principals and seconds are mere figure-heads. I am the man; I am the professional 'third.' Let us suppose that you have an affair of honour. You come to me, pay my fee, and I see you through it safe and sound, immunity from hurt, other than accident, guaranteed."

"How do I work it? Oh, it's simple enough. Two gentlemen, Messieurs Jarly and Beauvais, have quarrelled. Both are, of course, bound in honour to give each other satisfaction. Cards are exchanged, and a place of meeting fixed. Very well. I get wind of the affair—it's my business to do so—and meet, say, Jarly, quite by accident. I draw him out, and he confides to me the fact that he is willing—they're always willing—to give his opponent satisfaction, but—and there's always a 'but'—but he is unskilled in the use of arms, and, therefore, considers himself at a disadvantage."

"I suggest a compromise. He asks eagerly: 'How?' I add, a compromise with me. His heart sinks again. Then I dilate upon the value of my services, and end by assessing them at so many francs, according to my man. He agrees to payment. They invariably do. Drowning men catch at straws; duellists allow themselves to be caught instead."

"So far, so good. I have Jarly's money, now I want Beauvais'. I meet him also, casually, of course. I feel my way."

"Jarly, I remark, 'is a fine swordsman.'"

"Beauvais is radiant."

"We fight with pistols," he replies.

"Oh, I add nonchalantly. 'I've heard that he's even a better hand with the pistol than with the rapier.'"

"Beauvais is immediately gloomy. Then I repeat what I have already told Jarly, and persuade Beauvais that his safety is in my hands—for a consideration; that is, providing the consideration goes there, too. More talk, and finally an unqualified assent."

"At six o'clock next morning I am on the ground. I draw the seconds aside and explain matters—as I want them explained. Having been at one period of my life the foreign correspondent of a daily paper, this part of the business is to me mere child's-play."

"The principals, I say, 'have, through me, arranged their differences, but, not wishing to become the laughing stock of the city, they have agreed to fire blank cartridges.'"

"It is, as you remark, the new diplomacy on a smaller scale. The seconds wish to consult their principals. I object, as I explain, from motives of delicacy, and finish up by remarking carelessly that, in the event of what I say proving untrue, I am willing to give them satisfaction in return. This clinches the matter."

"They have come to witness satisfaction, not to receive it. Accordingly, our men are placed, the word is given, they fire. Neither is hurt, the seconds interpose, friendship is restored, I jingle my francs in my pocket, and all five of us return to Paris to breakfast."

"Next day the French papers come out with a paragraph to the effect that 'yesterday two well-known citizens exchanged shots, fortunately without effect. The seconds interposed, and a reconciliation was effected.'"

"And that, my friend, is how the French duel is made."

"FLASHERLY: "Miss Heavyweight is a beautiful dancer. She doesn't seem to touch the floor."

Dasherly (caressing his bruised feet): "She doesn't."

"WHICH of you children," asked the teacher, "can tell me in what part of your body your heart is situated?"

A modest little maid held up her hand.

"Well, Mary, where is your heart?"

"In the north central part, miss."

In the familiar "Pull For The Shore," there is a line, "Cling to self no more," which as sung by the children in one of the schools in the North of England sounded strangely, and on having it said slowly, it was discovered that they were singing, "Clean yourself no more."

"ARE you the head waiter?" asked a hotel patron of a pompous individual who was posing near the dining-room door.

"Well, sir, I serve in that capacity; but my official title, if you please, is dining-room superintendent."

Mrs. MELNOTTE: "And is this—this cottage—the home you have prepared for me?"

Claude: "Calm yourself, my dear. Your safety and well-being have been my only thought."

"My safety and well-being! How can either be insured by this miserable shanty?"

"Here, my dear, you need have no fear of burglars."

There is an illustration in the October Imperial Album which shows three boys with their kits opened out and being inspected. As the three boys are alone, it is probable that they have been ordered to muster with their kit as a punishment.

The Jubilee of a Fire.

ONE HAS BEEN ALIGHT IN SCOTLAND FOR 50 YEARS.

AMONG the many remarkable Jubilees which this year has seen none is probably more noticeable than the fact that it marks the completion of the fiftieth year in which a mine has been on fire. This is situated between the railway stations of Dailly and Kilkerran on the line between Ayr and Girvan.

In the working of this mine, which produced a hard and dirty coal, the seam dipped suddenly, and the shaft communicating with the lower works was at a distance from the one which led up to the surface of the ground. A second engine became necessary, and it was placed at the head of the lower shaft. Half a century ago it had to be run by steam generated on the spot, instead of by electricity generated elsewhere, as would be done now, and one day the coal in the neighbourhood of the machinery, having become quite dry and inflammable, caught fire.

The engine-man tried to put it out, but failed, and signalled to be brought to the surface, the other miners having knocked off work for the day. Ten minutes after he was on terra firma the fire had made such headway that the flames were roaring up the shaft, and rising to a height of fifty feet in the air. It was, of course, impossible to put it out, and in time the fire gradually grew less, but it remained burning, and great fears were entertained lest it should communicate with other pits, and even wreck the whole mining industry of the neighbourhood.

An engineer who was sent for from London to endeavour to put out the fire, bored holes in the neighbourhood of the pit in order to pump in a gas which was inimical to the fire. This scheme, however, was a failure, and it was found that the fire was extending, for the trap-dyke, which had been cut in order to get into closer proximity to the fire, opened the way to the seam beyond, and it is this seam which has been burning ever since.

Thousands of pounds were spent in the endeavour to quench the fire, and how many thousand pounds' worth of coal have been used it would be impossible to say.

Eight or ten years ago the fire came to the surface within a few yards of where the train went by, and, as may be imagined, nervous passengers were often alarmed at seeing the evidences of the fire and steam issuing from the bowels of the earth, for the pit seems to be the recipient of some little stream which the heat converts into steam which rises from half-a-dozen jets in the most uncanny manner.

In spite of the steam, however, certain brambles and ferns and some coarse mosses seem to thrive in this atmosphere, for the ground is soft and spongy where the steam passes through, although it is naturally exceedingly hot.

The fire is believed to be dying out, but it may be a great many years before it is finally quenched, and when the "steaming brig," as it is called, will become a thing of the past no one would venture to assert with any degree of confidence.

OUR

SURPRISE PAGE

... EDITED BY ...

G. W. SAALBURG and W. L. LOYD.

SECOND SERIES No. 4.

This week we present our readers with the fourth problem in the second series of illustrated puzzles.

Every four weeks we shall give away Fifty Pounds in cash, divided as follows:

FIRST PRIZE £25.
2nd to 26th PRIZES 25 Prizes of £1 each.

These amounts will be given to the readers who send us the cleverest solutions to the puzzle given below, and to those three which have already appeared.

To save a long explanation, readers should attend carefully to the following simple directions:

Solve Puzzles Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, and send them to this office in one envelope marked SURPRISE, to arrive not later than first post on Monday, October 25th, 1897.

Circumstantial Evidence.

THERE are present in the picture given below at least six persons. But others are hidden from view, and their presence is suggested by circumstantial evidence.

For example, we see in the doorway of the farmhouse the mistress with uplifted birch, which it may be safely assumed is about to descend upon a small boy, although we cannot see him.

Place a number on each object which leads you to suppose some person's presence is necessary. Thus you might commence with the old woman referred to and mark her 1, then the bird, which has just been shot, you might mark 2, and so forth. When you have got as many as you can, add the six visible persons to the total and put the number in the space left.

A Millionaire in Prison for Debt.

"DOING" TWENTY YEARS ON PRINCIPLE.

ON July 28th, 1830, a man passed through the gates of the Debtors' Prison of St. Pelagie, Paris, and looked about him in a dazed manner; his form was bent, his health broken, his clothes in tatters, and his beard inordinately long.

For twenty-two long years he had been shut up in the prison for the non-payment of a debt; yet that man was a millionaire, and could have liberated himself at any moment by a few strokes of the pen, and at a cost which would have been insignificant to him.

That portion of the life-story of Colonel James Swan, the possessor of millions, is one of the most striking examples known of downright stubbornness.

Swan, after a varied career in America, left his native land for France, and settled in Paris. Here he made a lot of money, and the outbreak of the Revolution enabled him to increase that pile almost beyond the dreams of avarice. He was on good terms with both sides, which speaks well for his shrewdness, and when he returned to his native Boston, in 1794, he was the accredited agent of the National Convention. Swan had a well-appointed house in Paris, but he had a very natural desire to end his days in his native State, and gave the necessary instructions for the erection of a mansion in Dorchester, Massachusetts. After seeing the building well begun, he left again for Paris.

Ten years or more passed away, and people were wondering when the owner of "Swan House" would settle down in that mansion. One day the news arrived that he was in the Debtors' Prison for refusing to pay a debt of £24,000. He had declared that the claim was one hundred times more than was just, and he would rather go to prison. The creditor would not yield and Swan went to prison.

For one-third of the allotted span of a man's life this singular trial of obstinacy between creditor and debtor continued. Several times the former went to the prison to see if Swan had relented, but the latter always refused to speak to him. For twenty-two years Swan denied himself the pleasures of life which he had within his grasp and lived a prisoner's life, with its coarse fare, rough bed, and all its restrictions and inconveniences. And he went even further than that in order to emphasise his determination and to tantalise his creditor by showing how easy it would be for him to pay the claim.

He hired a house opposite the prison and had it fitted up in the grandest style. He invited his friends to take up their abode in this mansion; he placed servants and carriages at their disposal, splendid receptions were held and grand dinner parties were given—all at his expense. And while the guests were eating and drinking the choicest viands and wines and enjoying every luxury, the man who was defraying the cost was subsisting on the plainest of fare and submitting to the indignities of prison life.

Swan was liberated on the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830. A few months later he was seized with an attack of hemorrhage and died suddenly.



NUMBER OF PERSONS NAME ADDRESS

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All the designs appearing on this page are copyright. So often have our prize schemes been pirated that we are determined from now to put a stop to the practice.

THRONES THAT ARE TOTTERING.

SHOWING THAT THE U.K. IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE TO LIVE IN.

SECOND PART.

Italy.

THE financial condition of these warm-hearted people deserves our profoundest commiseration. Forty years ago Italy was divided into a number of separate states, Rome being the seat of the Papacy, and not the capital. The northern provinces belonged to Austria.

Intoxicated by the successes of Garibaldi, and enchanted with the idea of being considered one of the six great powers of Europe, Italy for the past twenty years has spent such enormous sums on her army and navy that she has brought herself to the verge of bankruptcy.

The present royal house are most worthy people; but it is sadly to be feared that when the crash comes the dynasty will be buried in the ruins. But this calamity, some people tell us, may be avoided if Italy retires from the Triple Alliance, and gives a wide berth to all questions involving peace and war.

But this is just what Italy cannot do. Attacked on one side of her coast she could receive no aid from the other, as that long, lean range, the Appennines, is practically unperforated by railways. Italy on the defensive would be like a man fighting with one hand.

So vulnerable, indeed, is she that it is the unanimous opinion of the French military and maritime authorities that in the event of a European war they could attack her at Naples or in Sicily with the fleet alone, and a corps d'armée drawn from the African army, leaving the entire French territorial army, aided by their land fortifications, to tackle the Germans, who, true to their instincts, will of course, endeavour to make the enemy's country the seat of war.

The eight millions a year this costs the country may seem a small expenditure to us, but it is a ruinous one to the Italians. No wonder that hostility between these two historic nations is so deepening that the name of France is perfectly loathed in Italy, and that on the part of the French there is a growing desire to restore the Pope, not because of the love they bear religion, for religion in the French towns is at a low ebb, but because the reinstatement of the Pontiff would break Italy in two, and this is by no means unlikely to happen.

Sudden rises often result in sudden falls. The independence of Italy was achieved before the people were ripe for it. All nations should accomplish their independence by their own unaided force and genius. Italy's in reality was won by force of foreign arms. The victories which drove the Austrians out of Northern Italy were won by the French.

At one bound, without any period of transition, Italy leapt from a condition little short of slavery to one of freedom. Without any experience of the grave responsibilities attaching to the government of a large kingdom, the Italians, as might be expected, have missed the chance that fortune gave them, and the people, although personally most practical in the pursuit of worldly ends, have shown themselves quite unable to emancipate themselves from the sordid jealousies of provincial life by their inability to combine for a national prosperity.

Spain.

It does not require any prophetic instinct to see that Spain is on the verge of ruin. There was a time when she was one of the richest, most powerful, and commercial nations in Europe. To-day she is one of the weakest.

The Spaniards themselves are largely responsible for the decay which has overtaken them, for the people, with all their pride, are naturally lazy, in addition to being incredibly ignorant. As over six millions, out of a population of nineteen millions, can neither read nor write, the Spaniards may, indeed, be considered the most backward people in Europe.

And yet, although in their decay they exhibit but few of the great qualities which at one time raised them to a first-rate power, the efforts they have made during the past two years and a half to reconquer Cuba have been astonishing. However great may be the incapacity of their generals, there must surely be much latent strength in a power which could equip and send 210,000 regular troops 4,000 miles, although in numbers the army is three times as large as that with which we quelled the Indian Mutiny.

In addition to Cuba, the Spaniards are likely to meet an even greater danger in the Philippines, which are twice as far from Spain as Cuba. Over Cuba the Spaniards seem likely to come to blows with the United States, whilst the Philippines provide a fresh enemy in the Japanese, who, disappointed in obtaining Corea as an outlet for her superabundant population, and fearing to attack Australia, have made up their minds to annex the Philippines.

The islands are thinly populated, gloriously fertile, and so though subject, like Japan, to earthquakes, and so exactly suitable for the Japs, that they are prepared to spend forty millions in a war for their acquisition.

Nations, like individuals, are not fond of attributing misfortunes to their own shortcomings, so in the event

of the Monarchy failing to win them victory in this, the last big struggle they are ever likely to wage, the people will say: "Our misfortunes are due to our not having had the form of government suited to develop the genius of our race, and so the Monarchy will go."

It is not so easy to predict the form of institution which will come after. This is how Castellar, their greatest writer, sums up the situation: "The universal suffrage promulgated in June, 1889, has made Spain democratic at heart. Our journey since then has brought us within view of the promised land. When we have realised the shortness of the distance, and the ease with which the invasion can be conducted, we shall cross the border, putting our trust in the God of Liberty."

A revolution in Spain is much more likely to bring about the restoration of the Carlos dynasty. Don Carlos himself is hovering near the frontier, and in a manifesto the other day said "that although he did not relinquish his claim to the throne of France, the distresses of Spain at that moment demanded all his attention."

Cuba and the Philippines lost, the country denuded of troops, what easier than for Don Carlos to swoop down from the Basque Mountains, where his following is to be found, and capture Madrid by a coup de grace?

Turkey and Russia.

The success which attended the Turkish arms in the invasion of Greece has led many people to talk of the rehabilitation of the Turk, its rejuvenation, and so on.

This is pure nonsense. Turkey is in precisely the same condition as she was before the war—a sick man—not sick in the sense that the martial qualities of the race have decayed—but ill and feeble because she cannot assimilate the conditions which in these days are necessary for stability.

It is a commercial age, a competitive age, in which prizes are won by intellect, business enterprise and aptitude.

The Turk, being lazy and dull, will have to go, but he will be allowed to remain till Russia is ready to take his place.

We may try and delude ourselves with the belief that Austria will never allow Constantinople to pass into Muscovite hands, but Austria will not be found strong enough for the job. Everything points to the success of Russia. Petersburg, as a capital, is a failure. Cold and unhealthy, the nobility have never taken to it. As a port it is worse, being frozen up six months in the year.

The destiny of Russia is south. All the northern towns are decreasing in population, and the southern ones increasing. There are scores of big towns in Southern Russia, to-day which a few years ago were only hamlets.

Statisticians seem to think that during the next ten years Russian trade in the Black Sea will be so great that the people will compel the Tsar to seize the Dardanelles. Turkey is necessary for the development of Russia, and this has come to be so generally recognised that the pacific part played by Russia during the recent negotiations for the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Greece was not the least surprising incident of the whole business.

A clue may be found in the failure of the Russian harvest, and the certainty that her prey is not likely to escape her by waiting a year or so till her finances are in better order, by which time she will probably be able to prevail on her new ally to grant her a loan.

But the disappearance of Turkey will come all the same. It is as certain as the fate which will overtake Belgium and Holland, when the big war comes, if the war be general.

Great Britain.

And what of ourselves? Does no peril menace us? Yes. We have foes, deadly foes, but they are within our gates. A big strike may cause as much mischief, breed as much misery, and entail as great a ruin, as the most destructive war ever waged.

Apart from such suicidal struggles as that of the engineers and their employers dispute, there are people who still think that even if strikes were made impossible by Conciliation Boards, we have still powerful enemies abroad, bent on our destruction, and that a combination amongst the great Powers is being formed to rob us of our wealth and reduce us to a third-rate power.

Nothing can be more foolish than such fears. Surely the Concert of Europe has shown us how hopelessly suspicious the big Powers are of each other.

As they could not agree over so small a matter as Crete, is it likely they would concert to divide the British Empire without failing out. Besides, who is to attack us, and how is the cost to be defrayed?

If we sunk the French fleet, would the other powers make good the loss? Not likely. No, the course of England is clear. Attend to our own concerns, treat fairly all those who live under our rule, and resist to the death any act of aggression.

It may be said that such advice embodies no lofty ideals, and makes no appeal to our better instincts. Well, ideals are not to be despised, but their pursuit seldom results in happiness, and happiness, whatever form it may take, is at least a tangible thing which the whole world is trying to grasp.

The people of this country have their share. They enjoy life, and would enjoy it still more if wealth were more evenly distributed.

THE END.

A Great Game of Football.

AS PLAYED BY THE FESTIVE REDSKIN.

THE Papago Indians of South-Western Arizona and Northern Sonora, Mexico have a game of football all of their own conceiving, a game which has been handed down generation after generation from time far more remote than the Spanish conquerors of Mexico, and it may be possible that some day it will be discovered that the South-Western redskin was the original promoter of the game.

The Papagos play the game with solid balls of wood four inches in diameter, made from the wood of the mesquite tree. They are fashioned into approximate shape, and finally rounded to nearly perfect spheres by irksome rubbing upon flat stones. The game consists in carrying these balls of wood, by kicking and throwing them with the bare foot, over a straight course to a turn and back to the starting point, the winner being the man who throws the ball across the line first.

In the big contests this course is from two to three miles long, or one to one and a half miles to the turn, and it may be laid over a thickly bestrewn cactus and chapparal desert, which demands no end of expertness on the part of the players to dodge the obstacles.

Each player has his individual ball, and a dozen representatives of different villages may line up to struggle for supremacy at the same time, the balls being placed several feet apart along a line drawn in the sand, with the respective players standing doubled up a few feet in the rear, waiting for the word to go. When the word is given each man takes two long, swift strides to his ball and inserts his toes under it, punching them in the sand, and then hurls it through the air with a powerful swinging kick as far as a strong white man can throw a cricket ball. He is off the moment after it leaves his foot, and at full speed, without even pausing in his career, he puts his foot under it again and kicks it straight toward the turning stake.

It is marvellous how they keep the ball travelling toward the far-off goal, and the way in which they pick it out of holes and inequalities of the ground with the top of their toes would put to blush a clever handler of the niblick in the game of golf.

No tackling or interference of the players is allowed, and the runners seldom wear more than an attenuated breech clout and mud-painted legs. Certain mystical markings of yellow and red mud decorate each player's legs, and are supposed to make him supple and strong, and to enable him to fly with the wings of Mercury himself.

This football contest is an intervillage one, and every year in the widely separated villages of this desolate and arid region there springs up in the hearts of all the male population a spirit of contest so fierce, indeed, that they send couriers scurrying across the desert waste to challenge other villages, and to herald the skill and prowess of their football runners and to tauntingly voice their ability to mop up the earth with every village, singly or collectively, that dares come to compete with them.

A WOMAN will always ask the price of everything before she pays for it. Yesterday afternoon a woman stepped into a confectioner's shop and said:

"I want sixpennyworth of chocolates."

They were handed to her, and she took out her purse and remarked:

"How much is it, please?"

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This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act."

1890, Book No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 35 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can counter on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same case.

M.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription, or for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

When a battery on the march reaches its halting-place, it is formed up and the horses are unhooked and taken to their billets. In the picture given in the Imperial Album, the drivers of the battery are, under the supervision of the officers and sergeants, carrying out this duty.

That Was Clear Enough.

"THAT'S one great fault about many of these picture exhibitions," exclaimed Mrs. Hooley as she glared first at the picture and then at the catalogue.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband. "I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Nobody could understand this sort of thing," went on the predominant partner of the Hooley household, turning over several pages at once. "There's a picture and no title under it; you've got to look in this book for it."

"You mean that one representing a boy lying on his mother's lap while she makes use of a cane? Well, you can guess the title of that easily enough."

"Oh, I know I'm not so clever as you! What is it?"

"Whaling in Lapland," of course!"

And Mrs. Hooley looked as if she wished the speaker were a little boy.

Clothes of Silk Rubber.

THE enterprising individual who desires to go to Klondyke having had his transport attended to by means of the bicycle and the balloon, and his internal economy looked after by means of desiccated food, has at last been taken care of in the matter of his clothing.

Considering the rigour of the climate everyone must be warmly clad; but in view of the necessity for unrestrained movement of the limbs there should be as little weight as possible to prevent this movement being fatiguing.

The ingenuity of man being usually equal to the demands upon it, a new fabric has been invented which has the advantage of combining the maximum lightness with the maximum warmth, and is, indeed, said to be as warm as buffalo robes. It is silk rubber, and is entirely impervious to wind and water, but so firm is its texture that its wear is what the people in the trade call everlasting.

Puzzling the Toper.

"I AM sometimes called into a neighbouring police-station," said a doctor, "to certify whether or not a man is sober, but I don't believe in the system of giving a man a tongue-tangling sentence to repeat as a test."

"Even a man who is sober would stumble over some of the baffling combinations that are given. Especially would a man who, although he has had a moderate amount of drink, is by no means so far gone as to warrant his being certified as drunk and incapable."

"I employ another test. I go up to the subject in a half-fellow-well-met sort of way, and say: 'How do you do, old fellow?' and put out my left hand for him to shake. Instinctively he pulls out his right hand, but, if he has his senses at all about him, he will soon discover exactly what is wrong and ask for my other hand, or in some other way show that he has 'tumbled.'"

"But when he is utterly incapable, then there is some fun. First he fumbles round and round my outstretched hand, then he looks at my head and feet to see if I am standing upside down, and finally, with a look of comical despair, he twists his hand in some queer fashion to try and make his palm touch mine. It does not take more than a few seconds to find out the true state of affairs by this method."

Terrier versus Hedgehog.

A FAVOURITE sport among the lower classes in some country districts is the pitting of dogs against hedgehogs.

Sunday morning is the time chosen. A number of men assemble on some appointed field with their fiery terriers and the hedgehogs they have caught during the previous week.

One of the latter is rolled out of a basket, and a dog is let loose. If the dog has had previous experience, he does not rush at the bristling ball. He skirmishes for a moment or two, and then gingerly turns it round with his paw. He takes care, however, to move his paw towards the point of the quills. He turns it round in several directions, scrutinising it closely the while. When he sees what he thinks is the head, he makes a snatch at it and tries to open out the animal with the help of his paw. The majority of the attempts result in nothing but a bleeding nose, mouth, and paw, but in the end he generally manages to open it and deliver the coup-de-grace.

It is considered great fun when an untried dog makes his first attempt. He usually starts with a rush, much to his discomfiture. Many a dog will not make a second attempt; but if he is of the right stamina he will persevere, but with more caution, and he only succeeds after considerable damage to himself. This is an ordeal which is regarded as thoroughly testing the stamina of a dog.

Much betting accompanies the sport. In the case of an old dog, the betting is on the time he will take in finishing his work, while with a newly-trying pup bets are made as to whether he will succeed or not.

Where the Best Blackberries Come From.

GRANDSEN, a village in Cambridgeshire, is noted as being a particular spot in England where, according to Max Müller, is retained the inflection of the voice, dialect, and same style of delivery peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons. The Norman invasion seems to have had no influence in that quarter of the country, and consequently the introduction of French, as per the Norman flavour, and its baneful influences in perverting the pure Anglo-Saxon of our forebears, has yet to be made.

The neighbouring district is also noted for its blackberries. It is thought that nothing can be got out of growing and selling the bramble; such is not the case. Not far from quaint Gransden, but in an adjoining county, is a bramble or blackberry farm from eight to ten acres in extent, and which, in the season, yields a substantial profit, averaging from £3 to £11 per acre. There are two kinds of blackberries, the first variety being ready for picking about the middle of September, while the later sort is not ripened before the early part of October.

"The present season is a good one," said the genial farmer to P.W., "and I anticipate being able to send up about 10,000 quarts, which, at threepence per quart, comes to £125. Careful culture will produce a larger berry and improve the flavour. I supply a certain London firm of jam manufacturers, with whom I have done business for many years. The fruit costs me about one penny per quart to grow. There are few blackberry farms in England, and the small number is due to oversight of the farmers."

A High Price for Wind.

THERE are tricks in every trade, but for downright barefacedness the device adopted by some of the poultry dealers in the Ghetto market-place will be hard to beat.

All the fowls on sale here have been killed in accordance with the Jewish law. In the neck of each there is a deep cut. Through this the dealers pull the windpipe, and, applying it to their lips, they blow into it with all their might. Then they tie it up tightly with a bit of thread and allow it to contract back into its place. The result is that the lungs are inflated considerably and the birds look much bigger and plumper than they would without this artificial aid.

If these fowls were sold by weight nothing would be gained by the process. There are no fixed prices, dealers asking, and customers paying, just such a price as they consider to be warranted by the look of a bird. So that the inflating of the lungs by an expert may make a bird appear to be worth quite a shilling extra.

To catch the dealers at their nefarious practices one must needs get up early in the morning—literally—for they prepare their wares long before their customers arrive.

A similar device is adopted by unscrupulous fish-mongers, who, by means of the stem of a clay pipe, puff and blow into their gurnet and cod till they are all very fine and large, or, at least, as much so as the physical limitations of the fish will permit. If any knowing woman among the customers attempts to drive out the air by giving the fish she desires to buy a vigorous prod with her finger, she is assailed with a volume of invective which, like the fish, comes from Billingsgate.

Stopping Rain with Big Guns.

THE American rain-making experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the State Department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria, which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rain-making theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions.

The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common and severe in Austria, especially in the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, and as the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape, the question arose whether some means of preventing the falling of hail could not be devised.

The explosion experiment was tried, and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each side of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station built of wood for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station.

The neighbouring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm, fire all the mortars simultaneously.

Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder, but there is, of course, no projectile.

The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered, and the storm prevented. At the first trial of the system last summer, after a few moments' firing, the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared.

Water Butterflies.

REAL water butterflies spread their lovely wings in the clear wavelets of the blue Mediterranean. Their scientific name is *Pteropoda*, or wing-footed. The commonest is perhaps the "boat butterfly."

His body seems formed round a tiny brownish kernel, the size of a grain of wheat, and is covered with a shell soft as gristle and almost transparent; his wings are large, round, and clear as glass—so clear that before they can be examined they must be put in a saucer of water against a black ground. The shell is so loose that a mere touch separates it from the body.

All the sea butterflies have on their tongues rows of strong-pointed hooks. They are all flesh eaters. It is wonderful to watch through the transparent shell and almost equally transparent body the motions of the heart. These butterflies lay eggs, just like land ones, and, like land ones, are fond of warmth and light.

Herd or Heard?

"WHY there should be so much surprise among men that the weaker sex, as you are pleased to call us, should come to the front or even take the lead, is more than I can understand," remarked the New Woman as she laid down her morning paper and looked across at the man she had married.

That individual smiled, but reserved his defence.

"Anyone would think that it was impossible to find a parallel in any other branch of the animal kingdom. That is a mistake of you narrow-minded men; the female leads among many animals. Among elephants, for instance, it is the female who leads the herd."

"Of course," broke in the man whom the New Woman had married—presumably in a fit of abstraction—seizing his opportunity, "when anything is heard, the woman is sure to lead in circulating it."

But that wasn't what she meant, and a short time after he understood thoroughly his mistake.

'Varsity Bull-Pushers.

IT is well known that graduates of Harvard and Yale avail themselves of "bull-pushing" on board liners to gain a cheap voyage to Europe. One Liverpool line found it necessary last year to put their foot down, and indicate that "no University men need apply," the reason for such action being, of course, that the cattle were not properly tended. Still, in spite of this, a "bull-pushing trip" is, with young America, still a favourite way of spending a holiday.

For a ten or twelve days' run the amateur cattle hand receives anything from one to three half-sovereigns, and is entitled to his return passage. In some cases money is even paid to secure a berth as cattleman, the difference, of course, between the sum paid and a saloon fare being something considerable.

Some of these University "bull-pushers" take to their work very kindly, but others are practically "passengers" during the whole voyage. It is not generally known that the late Samuel Plimsoll made a trip from the States as a cattle hand; so that, what with University cattlemen, lady "cattlemen," and the possibility of a stray M.P. improving his knowledge, the "bull-pushing" business appears to have more romance attached to it than is generally supposed.

He Wears Only One Shoe.

THE one-legged man buys his shoes precisely like the two-legged man.

At the big shops they break a pair to sell the single shoe that the one-legged man requires, without the slightest hesitation, and he can get any kind of shoe he wants. The single shoe remaining is sent back to the factory to be matched, and this is done with perfect accuracy. Every pair of shoes is numbered, and it could easily, if it were desired, be traced back to the stock from which it is made. There is no guesswork about it. The shoe required to match the shoe remaining may not be made on the identical last upon which the original shoe was made, but it is made upon a last of mathematically the same proportions, and the pair thus restored is as perfectly matched as the original pair.

The one-legged man who buys in this way a single shoe pays slightly more than half the price of a pair. One-legged men are in the very largest shoe shops among the regular customers, and there they are not so unusual as to be remarkable.

One-legged men, however, are not the only men who buy single shoes. There are two-legged men who sometimes buy only one shoe. For example, a man with the gout. He can, if he wishes, and he sometimes does, buy a single shoe. The remaining shoe is paired off in just the same manner as the remaining shoe from the pair broken for the one-legged man.

There are two-legged men who wear shoes of different sizes, their feet not being mates. This may be due to nature, or it may be that an accident has befallen one foot. For such a customer two pairs of shoes are broken into and he takes one of each.

Phantom Army.

Being the Story of a Man and a Mystery.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Author of "The Iron Pirate," "The Impregnable City,"
"Christine of the Hills," etc., etc.

SUMMARY OF BOOK I.

BOOK I. of "The Phantom Army" has told the story of a young officer of Hussars, Noel Falconer. At the nadir of his fortunes in London, a bankrupt, and generally disgraced, Falconer meets, under dramatic circumstances, in a house in Baywater, a certain Isabella de Gavarrie, to whom he is of some service. In return, she sends him to Spain upon a curious mission. He is to tell her what he can about the man she is to marry. He goes there and falls in with a pretty girl, by name Giralda, who leads him through the wild passes of the Pyrenees to a place called Torla. There he finds that a new conspiracy against the Spanish Government is afoot, and that its leader is a man named Lorenzo de la Cruz. Lorenzo has revived an old regiment of Hussars, disbanded during the last Carlist war. These Hussars, hoping for a general rising, and needing money to pursue their aims, pillage, burn, and loot in many countries of Europe. So surely do they strike, so wonderful is their organisation, so skilfully do they disperse and go to their homes after each raid, that the peasants call them "The Phantom Army." Their leader, Lorenzo, believes that he is born to be a new Napoleon. His limited opportunities make him little more than a brigand of the mountains. In his desire to win prestige, he persuaded Philip de Gavarrie, the father of Isabella, to betroth his daughter to him. Isabella remembers her dead father's wish, and ambition for Spain brings her to the point of marrying Lorenzo. But Isabella's brother, Sebastian, opposes the marriage, and threatens to betray the army. Meanwhile, Noel Falconer falls in love with Isabella. He is warned by Giralda that Lorenzo will kill him; but after witnessing some during work by the army in the Pyrenees and in the South of France he returns on leave to Paris, and there the second book of the story opens.

SUMMARY OF BOOK II.

FALCONER, while in Paris, meets Isabella and learns that he has won her love. He visits the Chateau de Puy, and while there Sebastian de Gavarrie, Isabella's brother, receives a threat from Lorenzo which will take effect at ten o'clock this particular night. As the hour strikes Sebastian falls dead. A few days later Isabella confesses her love for Noel, who subsequently returns to London with her, where he finds his old servant Benjamin.

CHAPTER XXXI. (continued.)

I HAD taken this resolve not altogether upon an impulse; for there had been many days for reflection since I returned to my two-pair back in the Marylebone Road. Reflection told me always that Isabella was alone. "I have but you," she would say again and again, "you have come to me in this moment of my life. It is destiny which sends you, Noel. Let us forget everything but our happiness."

Against such an argument, my love for her had no word to say. For the opinion of the world I did not care a straw. I was young, and the years would permit me to redeem my life. It should become a life of endeavour and of work. We would go together, my wife and I, to a new country, where no dreams of Spain might trouble us. We would leave England—if—

The days of waiting I spent, when apart from Isabella, almost entirely in my rooms. It sounds ridiculous to write it, but the contrast of this whirling life of London almost frightened me. Coming from the silent hills of Spain, where the fifteenth century lives still, the very noises in our streets made my ears sing. I would stand at my window and hear the sharp whistles of engines, the din of passing vans, the rumble of omnibuses, the cry of newsvendors, and ask if those other things had ever been—the burning houses, the white troop riding through the hills, the caverns of the mountains, the ruined house of Torla.

But for the money in my pocket, I should have myself set down as the victim of hallucination. Even that could not take me to the haunts of my friends. I shunned men. The summons that must come as a sword above my head. The man was a shadow to dog my steps—a shadow upon me and upon Isabella. A memory of him often stayed a word of hope upon my lips, or set her trembling as I held her in my arms.

"He will kill you," she would say, and I would laugh at her threat as I had laughed at little Giralda in the woods above Torla. None the less the shadow pursued me, was with me waking or sleeping—the shadow and the oath I had given. Even there in London, in my own country, the fetters I had chosen were still upon my steps. I would open my window in the Marylebone Road and tell myself that, when a few more days were passed, I must be again in Paris to go—God knew upon what errand of pillage and of murder.

Any hour might bring the summons and shatter my hopes and leave me alone, as I had been when first I heard Isabella's voice. I could not walk in the streets but I must imagine that some of my comrades were near me, that, perchance, I touched them as I passed by. A week, a month, and I should ride with them again—to the prison and the garrote as all right reason told me.

You may ask if at this time I had no plan against that time when I must meet Lorenzo again. It is difficult to reply to such a question. I had a plan it is true. But it was one of those plans based upon a lover's impulse; a foolish, wild scheme such as a man thinks of in the fever of his passion. Let the word be spoken which would make Isabella my wife, I reasoned—and thereafter I would face the Spanish consequences. We would meet face to face, the Spaniard and I. He should hear my story. If that story disarmed him, there was always the answer of the sword. I made up my mind that I would strike him in the face, and trust the rest to fortune and my own good blade.

And so it came about that I found myself occupied in that happiest of all work, the arrangements for our wedding journey. We were to be married with the simplest ceremony, and go to Scotland for our honeymoon. There we would spend a week before returning to Paris, if possible to meet Lorenzo for the last time. She thought that her

influence with him would be sufficient to obtain my release.

"A word from me will win him Biscay," she said. "I shall not refuse that word, but he must give you back your oath. We must be free; we could not live with that shadow on our lives."

I acquiesced in her intention. It all seemed so easy then. If she doubted any longer, she kept those doubts from me. Ten days would give her to me for ever. I counted the very minutes; went often to Baywater to learn that all was still well. What I feared, if it were not the man, I cannot tell. In my saner moments I asked, how can the story come to his ears? He was in Spain as I knew. Where would the tale-bearer be found to write to Torla and say: "The woman who will win Biscay for you is your friend no longer?"

It was almost dark on that tenth day when I had finished my work and set out for Isabella's house. I was to take her to the Savoy for dinner and afterwards to a theatre. Her own courage seemed already to permeate my life. I had a greater joy of living than I had ever known before. The gloomy street of Baywater was gloomy no more. I used to depict it with her sweet face at the window of the house; with her exquisite figure adorning it. The lights in her rooms were as lamps in the window of my home.

I recollect very well how on that never-to-be-forgotten evening I passed suddenly from great elation of spirit to a great depression, when I saw that those lamps were not lighted. "It is because she is going out," I thought. And then I would foresee welcome in those great eyes of hers, when she lifted them to mine; would hear again the words I had heard so often but waited for so greedily: "Je t'aime, je t'aime." My whole life began from the day she had first spoken them in the gardens above the sea.

There were no lights, I say, in her house when my cab set me down there; but I was impatient to meet her and I forgot the circumstance as I rang the bell and stood waiting upon the door-step. It seemed to me that the chapper struck a melancholy note enough and vibrated more clearly than it should have done in a place where people lived. Moreover, the cabman did not drive away, but folded his rug round his legs and waited, as though I would go on with him. Then I rang again, and again that melancholy tinkling filled the silent house.

"Family's away, I fancy," said the man after awhile; "leastways, all the shutters is up, sir."

"The what?" I exclaimed, for I scarcely heard him.

"The shutters, sir," he repeated; "look for yourself; it doesn't want much of an eye to read 'not at home' there."

I ran back to the middle of the street and looked up at the house. Every window was shuttered as he said. There was not a sign of life from attic to cellar. I pressed my hands to my burning eyes and looked again.

"Merciful Heavens!" I cried, for the truth came to me in that moment.

She had left me then. The dream was over.

I went from the house with her words, "Je t'aime, je t'aime," still ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LORENZO COMES FOR ME.

It was not until the third day that her letter came to me. I could have read its contents almost before I opened the envelope. She had left London for Spain, she told me, and was then in Paris. The urgent need of her own people called her back to them. All must be sacrificed to that need—even her love and her life. When Spain was won, it might be otherwise. Until that day came, she must think of her own country and of nothing else.

There were other words, sacred words to me, which have no part or lot in this narrative. This much of my story I tell because it is interwoven with the history of the most remarkable man I have ever known. But I would draw the veil upon those inner moments of my life, when all that was my hope of life seemed taken from me. Our greater griefs are not for such a narrative as this. The tears we shed upon the graves of our hope are tears of the nights of solitude. Day dries them up and the world does not discern them as we go to the task the world has set us. To write them as we go to the task the world has set us, of those sixty hours of mental agony and of despair which followed, as the wreckage of my dream, would be to put me suffering upon myself. I pass them by as hours that I would remember no more while memory remains to me.

That the man had come between us, I never doubted. His word was to be read in the very letter she wrote to me. All the talk of her country and her people came but to this—that the adventurer out of Spain was still the master of her mind, able to command her as he chose and to win her obedience. If my great love of her had not blinded my eyes, I should have reckoned with such a chance the sooner. To him, she meant a surpassing influence of a great name, the support of a great house. For that he would scheme and plan as for nothing else in all the world. If I came between him and his ambition, so much the worse for me. I saw that he was a man who would dare any crime. Even in the streets of London I turned sometimes to remind myself that the assassin's knife might end the story of my life for ever.

Herein, perhaps, was the reason why I left her letter unanswered and made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose or to follow her. It would have been a useless pursuit. I understood so well why she had left me. If I could hope, at the best, that the mood would change, or if not the mood, then the circumstance, before the year was done. As for myself, I would go whither fortune called me. That Lorenzo would summon me, I did not believe. My life in the Pyrenees seemed a thing of the remote past. More than ever did I appear to have become an outcast of fortune, tossed hither and thither upon a lonely sea, drifting to no haven but the haven of Death.

It was on the seventh day after she left London that the turn in this tide of fortune came to me. I had fallen asleep upon my sofa, at the hour of twilight, and in my sleep I dreamt of Spain and of the White Hussars who rode the

hills. Anon, the scene of my dream was changed swiftly, and from the woods of Torla I passed to many cities, and at last to the great city of Madrid and to a prison there. So real was it all that I could see the very faces of my gaolers, could touch and taste the noxious food they set before me, and even feel the lash of the whip one of them carried in his hand.

I remember sleeping in a cell of this gaol, and when I awoke they led me out to a great square, where was a mighty concourse of people, and a scaffold set up; and on the scaffold stood the terrible garrote and the chair wherein sit those who never on earth shall rise again. When I looked for the second time towards the place, I saw that a prisoner was bound in the chair and that the horrid collar of steel was already about his neck. Then a hand snatched the veil from the prisoner's face, and I beheld myself.

From such a dream I awoke with trembling limbs and sweat upon my brow. The room was almost dark; the rumble of traffic in the street without echoed as a sound afar. I started up from the sofa, for the terror was still upon me. Somehow, by what means I do not know, the conviction came to me that I was not alone there. I peered into the dark shadows and thought still to see the hand which had snatched the veil from my face in the prison at Madrid. Then I heard a man breathing, and gradually, in the dim light, a figure took shape. It was that of Lorenzo himself.

For a moment we faced each other in silence. My surprise forbade me to speak. I waited for him, and he answered me with a laugh which seemed forced and unreal.

"You do not sleep well, Captain," he exclaimed. "If I did not know you, I should think that you have a past. Do the dead rise from their graves—*hein?* Well, we will light the gas and that will bury them again."

I obeyed him mechanically. All my courage went trickling away at the sound of his voice. I can neither explain nor justify it. I was not afraid of him, but I was silent. The speech I had made up so laboriously became a stutter on my lips. When the gas was lighted, I saw before me a man dressed as any other foreigner you may pass any day in Leicester Square or Piccadilly. The eyes of the man alone carried me back to the terrible scenes of the mountains.

"Why have you come here—now?" I asked him at last.

He rose and laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder.

"Sit," he said, "we must have a long talk together, you and I, Captain Falconer."

I sat as a child obeying his father. He continued to touch me with his hand, but the gesture was a kindly one.

"I know your story," he said simply. "I am sorry for you. You have been a traitor to Spain and to me. If you were one of my countrymen, I would have killed you as you lay there—for the good of Spain. But you are a boy—a foolish boy—and I shall talk to you instead."

I leant back in my chair and looked at him. A voice whispered in my ear. "Why do you not answer him?" I asked myself the question—yet, if my life had depended upon it, I could not have spoken twenty words coherently.

"Oh," I stammered, "and by what right—Prince?"

"Arrivons!" he exclaimed sternly; "do you speak of right to me, to one who was the friend of Isabella when you were a boy at school. The dishonour is yours, Captain Falconer. You have not kept faith—neither the faith of the soldier nor the man. I treated you as a brother—I said, 'He is an Englishman, and his word is better than the oath of another.' Are you the one to speak to me of right?"

His question brought the blood to my cheeks. "There was no honour at stake," I said hotly. "The word which I gave I have kept and will keep."

"A sophistry, a sophistry! I am a man of camps and do not argue as a schoolmaster. That is not the spirit which will win us a kingdom—that is the spirit of a pedagogue. Take my words as a man would take them. The day has come when I have need of all my friends. Is the Englishman the one who turns from me on that day—shame, my friend, to sit there and tell me so!"

He rose from his chair and began to pace the room. I knew that I was in the right against him, yet he dealt with me so subtly that I had no argument but the childish argument of a threat.

"There can be no longer any friendship between us," I exclaimed, rising at the word. "The day for that has passed. Let us settle it where you will—here and now if you choose—"

He clasped his hands behind his back and watched me. I saw him nodding his head as though the challenge amused him.

"Captain," he said presently, beginning to pace the room again, "men who fight for the honour of a country do not begin by cutting one another's throats. That is your English way, perhaps—it is not my way. We shall not fight, you and I—we are too clever for that. And Spain has need of us. Shall we let a woman stand between her and our freedom? Isabella de Gavarrie—she will save my country! Is the selfishness, the passion of a boy to prevent such a work? I tell you that ten thousand lives shall not count in the stake we play for. Forget the madness of these days. Remember your oath to me and to your comrades. Serve me in the field, and when the field is won, come to me, and if I have wronged you, I will answer as man to man!"

He stood before me, his hand laid again upon my shoulder. There was that in his voice which I had no will to resist. He offered a truce—not in so many words, but suggestively. I welcomed the offer, and told him so.

"Prince," I said, "let us speak plainly. When Madame Gavarrie left London seven days ago, she was on the ore of becoming my wife. You know of that?"

He looked at me with angry eyes.

"Have I no eyes to see the treachery of those who should love me, Captain? Am I blind and a fool?"

"If I go with you to-night, that promise remains."

He laughed scornfully.

"I make no conditions—while she is necessary to Spain. You are two children playing with the fire, and it will burn you by-and-by. You will forget in a week. When the

That Was Clear Enough.

"THAT'S one great fault about many of these picture exhibitions," exclaimed Mrs. Hooley as she glared first at the pictures and then at the catalogue.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband. "I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Nobody could understand this sort of thing," went on the predominant partner of the Hooley household, turning over several pages at once. "There's a picture and no title under it; you've got to look in this book for it."

"You mean that one representing a boy lying on his mother's lap while she makes use of a cane? Well, you can guess the title of that easily enough."

"Oh, I know I'm not so clever as you! What is it?"

"Whaling in Lapland," of course!"

And Mrs. Hooley looked as if she wished the speaker were a little boy.

Clothes of Silk Rubber.

THE enterprising individual who desires to go to Klondyke having had his transport attended to by means of the bicycle and the balloon, and his internal economy looked after by means of desiccated food, has at last been taken care of in the matter of his clothing.

Considering the rigour of the climate everyone must be warmly clad; but in view of the necessity for unrestrained movement of the limbs there should be as little weight as possible to prevent this movement being fatiguing.

The ingenuity of man being usually equal to the demands upon it, a new fabric has been invented which has the advantage of combining the maximum lightness with the maximum warmth, and is, indeed, said to be as warm as buffalo robes. It is silk rubber, and is entirely impervious to wind and water, but so firm is its texture that its wear is what the people in the trade call everlasting.

Puzzling the Toper.

"I AM sometimes called into a neighbouring police-station," said a doctor, "to certify whether or not a man is sober, but I don't believe in the system of giving a man a tongue-tangling sentence to repeat as a test."

"Even a man who is sober would stumble over some of the baffling combinations that are given. Especially would a man who, although he has had a moderate amount of drink, is by no means so far gone as to warrant his being certified as drunk and incapable."

"I employ another test. I go up to the subject in a hale-fellow-well-met sort of way, and say: 'How do you do, old fellow?' and put out my left hand for him to shake. Instinctively he pulls out his right hand, but, if he has his senses at all about him, he will soon discover exactly what is wrong and ask for my other hand, or in some other way show that he has 'tumbled.'"

"But when he is utterly incapable, then there is some fun. First he fumbles round and round my outstretched hand, then he looks at my head and feet to see if I am standing upside down, and finally, with a look of comical despair, he twists his hand in some queer fashion to try and make his palm touch mine. It does not take more than a few seconds to find out the true state of affairs by this method."

Terrier versus Hedgehog.

A FAVOURITE sport among the lower classes in some country districts is the pitting of dogs against hedgehogs.

Sunday morning is the time chosen. A number of men assemble on some appointed field with their fiery terriers and the hedgehogs they have caught during the previous week.

One of the latter is rolled out of a basket, and a dog is let loose. If the dog has had previous experience, he does not rush at the bristling ball. He skirmishes for a moment or two, and then gingerly turns it round with his paw. He takes care, however, to move his paw towards the point of the quills. He turns it round in several directions, scrutinising it closely the while. When he sees what he thinks is the head, he makes a snatch at it and tries to open out the animal with the help of his paw. The majority of the attempts result in nothing but a bleeding nose, mouth, and paw, but in the end he generally manages to open it and deliver the coup-de-grace.

It is considered great fun when an untried dog makes his first attempt. He usually starts with a rush, much to his discomfiture. Many a dog will not make a second attempt; but if he is of the right stamina he will persevere, but with more caution, and he only succeeds after considerable damage to himself. This is an ordeal which is regarded as thoroughly testing the stamina of a dog.

Much betting accompanies the sport. In the case of an old dog, the betting is on the time he will take in finishing his work, while with a newly-tried pup bets are made as to whether he will succeed or not.

Where the Best Blackberries Come From.

GRANDSEN, a village in Cambridgeshire, is noted as being a particular spot in England where, according to Max Müller, is retained the inflection of the voice, dialect, and same style of delivery peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons. The Norman Invasion seems to have had no influence in that quarter of the country, and consequently the introduction of French, as per the Norman davour, and its baneful influences in perverting the pure Anglo-Saxon of our forbears, has yet to be made.

The neighbouring district is also noted for its blackberries. It is thought that nothing can be got out of growing and selling the bramble; such is not the case. Not far from quaint Gransden, but in an adjoining county, is a bramble or blackberry farm from eight to ten acres in extent, and which, in the season, yields a substantial profit, averaging from £9 to £11 per acre. There are two kinds of blackberries, the first variety being ready for picking about the middle of September, while the later sort is not ripened before the early part of October.

"The present season is a good one," said the genial farmer to P.W., "and I anticipate being able to send up about 10,000 quarts, which, at threepence per quart, comes to £125. Careful culture will produce a larger berry and improve the flavour. I supply a certain London firm of jam manufacturers, with whom I have done business for many years. The fruit costs me about one penny per quart to grow. There are few blackberry farms in England, and the small number is due to oversight of the farmers."

A High Price for Wind.

THERE are tricks in every trade, but for downright barefacedness the device adopted by some of the poultry dealers in the Ghetto market-place will be hard to beat.

All the fowls on sale here have been killed in accordance with the Jewish law. In the neck of each there is a deep cut. Through this the dealers pull the windpipe, and, applying it to their lips, they blow into it with all their might. Then they tie it up tightly with a bit of thread and allow it to contract back into its place. The result is that the lungs are inflated considerably and the birds look much bigger and plumper than they would without this artificial aid.

If these fowls were sold by weight nothing would be gained by the process. There are no fixed prices, dealers asking, and customers paying, just such a price as they consider to be warranted by the look of a bird. So that the inflating of the lungs by an expert may make a bird appear to be worth quite a shilling extra.

To catch the dealers at their nefarious practices one must needs get up early in the morning—literally—for they prepare their wares long before their customers arrive.

A similar device is adopted by unscrupulous fish-mongers, who, by means of the stem of a clay pipe, puff and blow into their gurnet and cod till they are all very fine and large, or, at least, as much so as the physical limitations of the fish will permit. If any knowing woman among the customers attempts to drive out the air by giving the fish she desires to buy a vigorous prod with her finger, she is assailed with a volume of invective which, like the fish, comes from Billingsgate.

Stopping Rain with Big Guns.

THE American rain-making experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the State Department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria, which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rain-making theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions.

The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common and severe in Austria, especially in the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, and as the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape, the question arose whether some means of preventing the falling of hail could not be devised.

The explosion experiment was tried, and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each side of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station built of wood for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station.

The neighbouring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm, fire all the mortars simultaneously.

Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder, but there is, of course, no projectile.

The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered, and the storm prevented. At the first trial of the system last summer, after a few moments' firing, the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared.

Water Butterflies.

REAL water butterflies spread their lovely wings in the clear wavelets of the blue Mediterranean. Their scientific name is *Pteropoda*, or wing-footed. The commonest is perhaps the "boat butterfly."

His body seems formed round a tiny brownish kernel, the size of a grain of wheat, and is covered with a shell soft as gristle and almost transparent; his wings are large, round, and clear as glass—so clear that before they can be examined they must be put in a saucer of water against a black ground. The shell is so loose that a mere touch separates it from the body.

All the sea butterflies have on their tongues rows of strong-pointed hooks. They are all flesh eaters. It is wonderful to watch through the transparent shell and almost equally transparent body the motions of the heart. These butterflies lay eggs, just like land ones, and, like land ones, are fond of warmth and light.

Herd or Heard?

"WHY there should be so much surprise among men that the weaker sex, as you are pleased to call us, should come to the front or even take the lead, is more than I can understand," remarked the New Woman as she laid down her morning paper and looked across at the man she had married.

That individual smiled, but reserved his defence.

"Anyone would think that it was impossible to find a parallel in any other branch of the animal kingdom. That is a mistake of you narrow-minded men; the female leads among many animals. Among elephants, for instance, it is the female who leads the herd."

"Of course," broke in the man whom the New Woman had married—presumably in a fit of abstraction—seizing his opportunity, "when anything is heard, the woman is sure to lead in circulating it."

But that wasn't what she meant, and a short time after he understood thoroughly his mistake.

'Varsity Bull-Pushers.

IT is well known that graduates of Harvard and Yale avail themselves of "bull-pushing" on board liners to gain a cheap voyage to Europe. One Liverpool line found it necessary last year to put their foot down, and indicate that "no University men need apply," the reason for such action being, of course, that the cattle were not properly tended. Still, in spite of this, a "bull-pushing trip" is, with young America, still a favourite way of spending a holiday.

For a ten or twelve days' run the amateur cattle hand receives anything from one to three half-sovereigns, and is entitled to his return passage. In some cases money is even paid to secure a berth as cattleman, the difference, of course, between the sum paid and a saloon fare being something considerable.

Some of these University "bull-pushers" take to their work very kindly, but others are practically "passengers" during the whole voyage. It is not generally known that the late Samuel Plimsoll made a trip from the States as a cattle hand; so that, what with University cattlemen, lady "cattlemen," and the possibility of a stray M.P. improving his knowledge, the "bull-pushing" business appears to have more romance attached to it than is generally supposed.

He Wears Only One Shoe.

THE one-legged man buys his shoes precisely like the two-legged man.

At the big shops they break a pair to sell the single shoe that the one-legged man requires, without the slightest hesitation, and he can get any kind of shoe he wants. The single shoe remaining is sent back to the factory to be matched, and this is done with perfect accuracy. Every pair of shoes is numbered, and it could easily, if it were desired, be traced back to the stock from which it is made. There is no guesswork about it. The shoe required to match the shoe remaining may not be made on the identical last upon which the original shoe was made, but it is made upon a last of mathematically the same proportions, and the pair thus restored is as perfectly matched as the original pair.

The one-legged man who buys in this way a single shoe pays slightly more than half the price of a pair. One-legged men are in the very largest shoe shops among the regular customers, and there they are not so unusual as to be remarkable.

One-legged men, however, are not the only men who buy single shoes. There are two-legged men who sometimes buy only one shoe. For example, a man with the gout. He can, if he wishes, and he sometimes does, buy a single shoe. The remaining shoe is paired off in just the same manner as the remaining shoe from the pair broken for the one-legged man.

There are two-legged men who wear shoes of different sizes, their feet not being mates. This may be due to nature, or it may be that an accident has befallen one foot. For such a customer two pairs of shoes are broken into and he takes one of each.

Phantom Army.

Being the Story of a Man and a Mystery.

BY MAX PEMBERTON,

Author of "The Iron Pirate," "The Impregnable City,"
"Christine of the Hills," etc., etc.

SUMMARY OF BOOK I.

BOOK I. of "The Phantom Army" has told the story of a young officer of Hussars, Noel Falconer. At the nadir of his fortunes in London, a bankrupt, and generally discredited, Falconer meets, under dramatic circumstances, in a house in Bayswater, a certain Isabella de Gavarrie, to whom he is of some service. In return, she sends him to Spain upon a curious mission. He is to tell her what he can about the man she is to marry. He goes there and falls in with a pretty gipsy girl, by name Giralda, who leads him through the wild passes of the Pyrenees to a place called Torla. There he finds that a new conspiracy against the Spanish Government is afoot, and that its leader is a man named Lorenzo de la Cruz. Lorenzo has revived an old regiment of Hussars, disbanded during the last Carlist war. These Hussars, hoping for a general rising, and needing money to pursue their aims, pillage towns, and loot in many countries of Europe. So surely do they strike, so wonderful is their organisation, so skilfully do they disperse and re-join, that the peasants call them "The Phantom Army." Their leader, Lorenzo, believes that he is born to be a new Napoleon. His limited opportunities make him little more than a brigand of the mountains. In his desire to win prestige, he persuaded Philip of Gavarrie, the father of Isabella, to betroth his daughter to him. Isabella remembers her dead father's wish, and ambition for Spain brings her to the point of marrying Lorenzo. But Isabella's brother, Sebastian, opposes the marriage, and threatens to betray the army. Meanwhile, Noel Falconer falls in love with Isabella. He is warned by Giralda that Lorenzo will kill him; but after witnessing some daring work by the army in the Pyrenees and in the South of France he returns on leave to Paris, and there the second book of the story opens.

SUMMARY OF BOOK II.

FALCONER, while in Paris, meets Isabella and learns that he has won her love. He visits the Chateau de Puy, and while there Sebastian de Gavarrie, Isabella's brother, receives a threat from Lorenzo which will take effect at ten o'clock this particular night. As the hour strikes Sebastian falls dead. A few days later Isabella confesses her love for Noel, who subsequently returns to London with her, where he finds his old servant Benjamin.

CHAPTER XXXI. (continued.)

I HAD taken this resolve not altogether upon an impulse; for there had been many days for reflection since I returned to my two-pair back in the Marylebone Road. Reflection told me always that Isabella was alone. "I have but you," she would say again and again, "you have come to me in this moment of my life. It is destiny which sends you, Noel. Let us forget everything but our happiness."

Against such an argument, my love for her had no word to say. For the opinion of the world I did not care a straw. I was young, and the years would permit me to redeem my life. It should become a life of endeavour and of work. We would go together, my wife and I, to a new country, where no dreams of Spain might trouble us. We would leave England—if—!

The days of waiting I spent, when apart from Isabella, almost entirely in my rooms. It sounds ridiculous to write it, but the contrast of this whirling life of London almost frightened me. Coming from the silent hills of Spain, where the fifteenth century lives still, the very noises in our streets made my ears ring. I would stand at my window and hear the sharp whistles of engines, the din of passing vans, the rumble of omnibuses, the cry of newsvendors, and ask if those other things had ever been—the burning houses, the white troop riding through the hills, the caverns of the mountains, the ruined house of Torla.

But for the money in my pocket, I should have myself set down as the victim of hallucination. Even that could not take me to the haunts of my friends. I shunned men. The summons that must come was as a sword above my head. The man was a shadow to dog my steps—a shadow upon me and upon Isabella. A memory of him often stayed a word of hope upon my lips, or set her trembling as I held her in my arms.

"He will kill you," she would say, and I would laugh at her threat as I had laughed at little Giralda in the woods above Torla. None the less the shadow pursued me, was with me waking or sleeping—the shadow and the oath I had given. Even there in London, in my own country, the fifters I had chosen were still upon my steps. I would open my window in the Marylebone Road and tell myself that, when a few more days were passed, I must be again in Paris to go—God knew upon what errand of pillage and of murder.

Any hour might bring the summons and shatter my hopes and leave me alone, as I had been when first I heard Isabella's voice. I could not walk in the streets but I must imagine that some of my comrades were near me, that, perchance, I touched them as I passed by. A week, a month, and I should ride with them again—to the prison and the garrotte as all right reason told me.

You may ask if at this time I had no plan against that time when I must meet Lorenzo again. It is difficult to reply to such a question. I had a plan it is true. But it was one of those plans based upon a lover's impulse; a foolish, wild scheme such as a man thinks of in the fever of his passion. Let the word be spoken which would make Isabella my wife, I reasoned—and thereafter I would face all consequences. We would meet face to face, the Spaniard and I. He should hear my story. If that story disarmed him, there was always the answer of the sword. And made up my mind that I would strike him in the face, and trust the rest to fortune and my own good blade.

And so it came about that I found myself occupied in that happiest of all work, the arrangements for our wedding journey. We were to be married with the simplest ceremony, and go to Scotland for our honeymoon. There we would spend a week before returning to Paris, if possible to meet Lorenzo for the last time. She thought that her

influence with him would be sufficient to obtain my release.

"A word from me will win him Biscay," she said. "I shall not refuse that word, but he must give you back your oath. We must be free; we could not live with that shadow on our lives."

I acquiesced in her intention. It all seemed so easy then. If she doubted any longer, she kept those doubts from me. Ten days would give her to me for ever. I counted the very minutes; went often to Bayswater to learn that all was still well. What I feared, if it were not the man, I cannot tell you. In my saner moments I asked, how can the story come to his ears? He was in Spain as I knew. Where would the tale-bearer be found to write to Torla and say: "The woman who will win Biscay for you is your friend no longer?"

It was almost dark on that tenth day when I had finished my work and set out for Isabella's house. I was to take her to the Savoy for dinner and afterwards to a theatre. Her own courage seemed already to permeate my life. I had a greater joy of living than I had ever known before. The gloomy street of Bayswater was gloomy no more. I used to depict it with her sweet face at the window of the house; with her exquisite figure adorning it. The lights in her rooms were as lamps in the window of my house.

I recollect very well how on that never-to-be-forgotten evening I passed suddenly from great elation of spirit to a great depression, when I saw that those lamps were not lighted. "It is because she is going out," I thought. And then I would force welcome in those great eyes of hers, when she lifted them to mine; would hear again the words I had heard so often but waited for so greedily: "Je t'aime, je t'aime." My whole life began from the day she had first spoken them in the gardens above the sea.

There were no lights, I say, in her house when my cab set me down there; but I was impatient to meet her and I forgot the circumstance as I rang the bell and stood waiting upon the door-step. It seemed to me that the clapper struck a melancholy note enough and vibrated more clearly than it should have done in a place where people lived. Moreover, the cabman did not drive away, but folded his rug round his legs and waited, as though I would go on with him. Then I rang again, and again that melancholy tinkling filled the silent house.

"Family's away, I fancy," said the man after awhile; "leatways, all the shutters is up, sir."

"The what?" I exclaimed, for I scarcely heard him. "The shutters, sir," he repeated; "look for yourself; it doesn't want much of an eye to read 'not at home' there."

I ran back to the middle of the street and looked up at the house. Every window was shuttered as he said. There was not a sign of life from attic to cellar. I pressed my hands to my burning eyes and looked again.

"Merciful Heavens!" I cried, for the truth came to me in that moment.

She had left me then. The dream was over.

I went from the house with her words, "Je t'aime, je t'aime," still ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LORENZO COMES FOR ME.

IT WAS not until the third day that her letter came to me. I could have read its contents almost before I opened the envelope. She had left London for Spain, she told me, and was then in Paris. The urgent need of her own people called her back to them. All must be sacrificed to that need—even her love and her life. When Spain was won, it might be otherwise. Until that day came, she must think of her own country and of nothing else.

There were other words, sacred words to me, which have no part or lot in this narrative. This much of my story I tell because it is interwoven with the history of the most remarkable man I have ever known. But I would draw the remarkable man of my life, when all that was veiled upon those inner moments of my life, our greater griefs are not for such a narrative as this. The tears we shed upon the graves of our hope are tears of the nights of solitude. Day dries them up and the world does not discern them as we go to the task the world has set us. To write them as we go to the task the world has set us, of those sixty hours of mental agony and of despair which followed, as the wreckage of my dream, would be to put me suffering upon myself. I pass them by as hours that I would remember no more while memory remains to me.

That the man had come between us, I never doubted. His word was to be read in the very letter she wrote to me. All the talk of her country and her people came but to this—that the adventurer out of Spain was still the master of her mind, able to command her as he chose and to win her obedience. If my great love of her had not blinded my eyes, I should have reckoned with such a chance the sooner. To him, she meant a surpassing influence of a great name, the support of a great house. For that he would scheme and plan as for nothing else in all the world. If I came between him and his ambition, so much the worse for me. I saw that he was a man who would dare any crime. Even in the streets of London I turned sometimes to remind myself that the assassin's knife might end the story of my life for ever.

Herein, perhaps, was the reason why I left her letter unanswered and made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose or to follow her. It would have been a useless pursuit. I understood so well why she had left me. I could hope, at the best, that the mood would change, or if not the mood, then the circumstance, before the year was done. As for myself, I would go whither fortune called me. That Lorenzo would summon me, I did not believe. My life in the Pyrenees seemed a thing of the remote past. More than ever did I appear to have become an outcast of fortune, tossed hither and thither upon a lonely sea, drifting to no haven but the haven of Death.

It was on the seventh day after she left London that the turn in this tide of fortune came to me. I had fallen asleep in my sofa, at the hour of twilight, and in my sleep I dreamt of Spain and of the White Hussars who rode the

hills. Anon, the scene of my dream was changed swiftly, and from the woods of Torla I passed to many cities, and at last to the great city of Madrid and to a prison there. So real was it all that I could see the very faces of my gaolers, could touch and taste the noxious food they set before me, and even feel the lash of the whip one of them carried in his hand.

I remember sleeping in a cell of this gaol, and when I awoke they led me out to a great square, where was a mighty concourse of people, and a scaffold set up; and on the scaffold stood the terrible garrote and the chair wherein sit those who never on earth shall rise again. When I looked for the second time towards the place, I saw that a prisoner was bound in the chair and that the horrid collar of steel was already about his neck. Then a hand snatched the veil from the prisoner's face, and I beheld myself.

From such a dream I awoke with trembling limbs and sweat upon my brow. The room was almost dark; the rumble of traffic in the street without echoed as a sound afar. I started up from the sofa, for the terror was still upon me. Somehow, by what means I do not know, the conviction came to me that I was not alone there. I peered into the dark shadows and thought still to see the hand which had snatched the veil from my face in the prison at Madrid. Then I heard a man breathing, and gradually, in the dim light, a figure took shape. It was that of Lorenzo himself.

For a moment we faced each other in silence. My surprise forbade me to speak. I waited for him, and he answered me with a laugh which seemed forced and unreal.

"You do not sleep well, Captain," he exclaimed. "If I did not know you, I should think that you have a past. Do the dead rise from their graves—again? Well, we will light the gas and that will bury them again."

I obeyed him mechanically. All my courage went trickling away at the sound of his voice. I can neither explain nor justify it. I was not afraid of him, but I was silent. The speech I had made up so laboriously became a stutter on my lips. When the gas was lighted, I saw before me a man dressed as any other foreigner you may pass any day in Leicester Square or Piccadilly. The eyes of the man alone carried me back to the terrible scenes of the mountains.

"Why have you come here—now?" I asked him at last.

He rose and laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder.

"Sit," he said, "we must have a long talk together, you and I, Captain Falconer."

I sat as a child obeying his father. He continued to touch me with his hand, but the gesture was a kindly one.

"I know your story," he said simply. "I am sorry for you. You have been a traitor to Spain and to me. If you were one of my countrymen, I would have killed you as you lay there—for the good of Spain. But you are a boy—a foolish boy—and I shall talk to you instead."

I leant back in my chair and looked at him. A voice whispered in my ear. "Why do you not answer him?" I asked myself the question—yet, if my life had depended upon it, I could not have spoken twenty words coherently.

"Oh," I stammered, "and by what right—Prince?"

"Arrivons!" he exclaimed sternly; "do you speak of right to me, to one who was the friend of Isabella when you were a boy at school. The dishonour is yours, Captain Falconer. You have not kept faith—neither the faith of the soldier nor the man. I treated you as a brother—I said, 'He is an Englishman, and his word is better than the oath of another.' Are you the one to speak to me of right?"

His question brought the blood to my cheeks.

"There was no honour at stake," I said hotly. "The word which I gave I have kept and will keep."

"A sophistry, a sophistry! I am a man of camps and do not argue as a schoolmaster. That is not the spirit which will win us a kingdom—that is the spirit of a pedagogue. Take my words as a man would take them. The day has come when I have need of all my friends. Is the Englishman the one who turns from me on that day shame, my friend, to sit there and tell me so?"

He rose from his chair and began to pace the room. I knew that I was in the right against him, yet he dealt with me so subtly that I had no argument but the childish argument of a threat.

"There can be no longer any friendship between us," I exclaimed, rising at the word. "The day for that has passed. Let us settle it where you will—here and now if you choose—"

He clasped his hands behind his back and watched me. I saw him nodding his head as though the challenge amused him.

"Captain," he said presently, beginning to pace the room again, "men who fight for the honour of a country do not begin by cutting one another's throats. That is your English way, perhaps—it is not my way. We shall not fight, you and I—we are too clever for that. And Spain has need of us. Shall we let a woman stand between her and our freedom? Isabella de Gavarrie—she will save my country! Is the selfishness, the passion of a boy to prevent such a work? I tell you that ten thousand lives shall not count in the stake we play for. Forget the madness of these days. Remember your oath to me and to your comrades. Serve me in the field, and when the field is won, come to me, and if I have wronged you, I will answer as man to man!"

He stood before me, his hand laid again upon my shoulder. There was that in his voice which I had no will to resist. He offered a truce—not in so many words, but suggestively. I welcomed the offer, and told him so.

"Prince," I said, "let us speak plainly. When Madame Gavarrie left London seven days ago, she was on the eve of becoming my wife. You knew of that?"

He looked at me with angry eyes.

"Have I no eyes to see the treachery of those who should love me, Captain? Am I blind and a fool?"

"If I go with you to-night, that promise remains!"

He laughed scornfully.

"I make no conditions—while she is necessary to Spain.

You are two children playing with the fire, and it will burn you by-and-bye. You will forget in a week. When the

year is done you will come to Madrid to see her in my house and laugh at yourself for these days. Let there be truce until that time comes. Begin to forget to-night when you leave London with me!"

He gave me no time to reply, but rang my bell and brought old Benjamin sighing up the stairs.

"Make your master's trunk ready," he said; "he leaves London to-night. He will be away a month—two months—a year. If any ask for him, he is in Paris!"

Benjamin ejaculated: "Very good, sir," and left the room. As for me, the fever of the hill life began to burn me again as it had burnt me before the gates of Toulouse.

"You return to Spain, Prince?" I asked him—for there was this in my mind, that so long as I was his companion, no harm could befall the woman I loved.

"Arragon awaits me," he answered quickly. "If I set up my standard there to-morrow, an army is ready. But I must have money, Captain—money to teach Europe what two hundred and fifty brave men can do when intellect leads them. To-night, we go to strike a blow which will ring through the world. In a month, I shall be 'the enemy.'"

"Then we leave to-night as you say?"

"Now—at once—for Southampton. My ship and your comrades are there. Come with me to forget these follies, and to begin the work you love."

He raised his hand dramatically.

"We go to those who must pay for our army in Arragon."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOUR AT THE "RAG."

NOTE.—The story of The Phantom Army has been told to this point from the personal narrative put into my hands by Captain Noel Falconer. There is a period in the history of this extraordinary conspiracy, however, of which the Captain can speak with no sure authority. Henceforth, much of the story is told most fully in the newspapers of Spain and France—and in Spanish State papers. By the courtesy of friends in Madrid, these papers have now been sent to me. I take this opportunity of recording my sincere thanks to the many friends whose generous assistance has served me so greatly in my attempt to do justice to Lorenzo de la Cruz and to his ambitions.

Four men sat in the smoking-room of the "Rag"—a general of cavalry, a genial major, an imperturbable captain and a novelist. Lunch was done and a waiter was busy serving coffee and cigars. When the man had left the room, the novelist, who lunched often with the soldiers to pick up scraps of authority for his adventure stories, resumed the conversation which the bustling waiter had interrupted.

"Any way," he said, "one thing is certain—whatever they may have done in theory, they have done nothing in practice. The man is still in the hills. He seems likely to remain there. I shouldn't be astonished if he turned up with his two hundred and fifty in London and knocked at the door of the Bank of England. He's done things as daring. I was reading in the *Sora* yesterday that when he rode through Barcelona and robbed the banks there, the police lost their heads and looked on like fools. The people went on their knees to him. They thought he was the devil or something—"

"Must have seemed like an old friend," interjected the imperturbable Captain.

The genial Major struck a match and held it in his fingers.

"You don't write for the *Sora*, old man, do you?" he asked the novelist.

The General of cavalry was more serious. "I read the *Sora*," he said quietly. "It's an extraordinary tale, I must confess. They tell me at headquarters that the Spanish government is hushing it up. A man who came through from Iran last week declares that Biscay is almost in open rebellion. They seem to worship this Lorenzo or whatever you call him. From what I understand, he performs miracles for their benefit—he appears fitfully like a proper-minded ghost. On the very day he rode through Barcelona and robbed the banks there, the *Martin* sees him in Paris. How it's done I don't pretend to say—"

"You'd better send Maskelyne out," exclaimed the Captain.

The General poured his burnt kumel into his coffee and continued:

"It would be interesting to me to know the truth, because I have so many Spanish friends. As some of them are to be believed, the North of Spain has gone mad—and the South of France is going that way. I hear of whole villages living in the fields. There was a panic as far north as Limoges the other day, and people were praying in the churches. That isn't any ordinary rebellion. You are not going to hunt down a man like that with a squadron of mounted police—you want a battalion of infantry and a head to lead it. If the thing goes on, this man will terrorise Europe with—two hundred and fifty ruffians and half-a-dozen galloping Maxim guns."

The genial Major laughed a boyish laugh of incredulity. The novelist drew his chair nearer to the General's and pursued his question.

"I'm not surprised that it's kept out of the papers," he said. "It doesn't suit any government to let a story like that be told. What's more, it isn't altogether a Spanish affair. I hear that there are all sorts in the two hundred and fifty—Roumanians, Germans, Frenchmen, even Russians. Old cavalymen, of course, and devils to fight."

The General drained his cup.

"You leave out the Englishman," he said; "there's one at least among them."

The imperturbable Captain woke up, pricked by curiosity.

"By George," he said—and looked exceedingly wise. But the Major exclaimed very sharply:

"No, I don't believe that—that's too much."

"It's true though," persisted the General; "I can tell you the man's name. He had a commission in the 'Tenth' when I commanded. You remember Noel Falconer?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Major. "Is he there?"

"We used to call him 'length without breadth,'" said the Captain; "a devilish good chap too—while his money lasted. He was a friend of mine before he went broke. I'd forgotten his name until you mentioned it."

The General went on with it.

"He has been with them—let's see, to-day is the second of November—that makes it six months. I hear that he left London for the first time in June. He was back again for a fortnight or so in July. Since that time no one has seen him. The conclusion is obvious."

"That he will be strangled at Madrid," concluded the Major pleasantly.

"Or beheaded at La Roquette," suggested the novelist. "I prefer the guillotine. There's more colour in it—local and otherwise."

The Captain's mood turned to one of melancholy. "Poor old Falconer," he said, "I don't suppose anyone cares a tinker's curse, but he was a good chap. He would give you his last shilling—even if he had to borrow it. A big-hearted man, too, who fell in love with every pretty woman he met. He was the most popular sub in the 'Tenth' until he lost his cash. I wonder what the devil he is doing in that company."

"He's riding through the hills of Spain and wearing a white pelisse," answered the Major. "It must be pleasant while it lasts."

"How long do you give it, General?" asked the matter-of-fact novelist.

"Three months and the garrotte," was the answer.

They smoked in silence for a little while. Presently the imperturbable Captain rose languidly.

"Sorry, old man," he said, "I must be going. Don't let me break you up. As for your story, I don't believe a word of it."

The Major laughed.

"*Mot aussi*," he said.

But the novelist exclaimed:

"Hark, what's that they're calling out in the street there?"

A "runner" was racing down Pall Mall with the third edition of the *GLOBE* waved triumphantly above his head.

"*Ero yo h'aro*—great robbery at Bordeaux—one 'undred thousand pounds—speschul—mounted 'orsemen in the town—third edishun—*GLOBE*."

"I'll get that paper," said the novelist. "Are you coming, General?"

They left the club together.

But the Captain sauntered towards Piccadilly, muttering:

"Poor old Falconer."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A WOMAN OF LOURDES.

On the evening of the day when the four men discussed Noel Falconer in the smoking-room of the great military club in Pall Mall, strange events were happening on the mountain road to Lourdes. To the scene of those events we will now turn.

A lonely highway—upon one hand a wood of pines singing to the soft breezes of the coming night; upon the other a precipice crowned with a great chateau—the chateau of Maitre Roque, the banker of Bayonne, as all the world therabouts could have told you. Upon the road there walked a woman whose tottering steps and shrivelled skin spoke of age and of infirmity. Supporting her with a gentle hand was a young man whose firm step and contented face spoke of pleasure in his journey. Lurid crimson light fell upon the faces of the wayfarers, for the sun was sinking yonder over the city of miracles, and banks of heavy black cloud were rolling up from the darkening East. They drew their scanty wraps about them, and encouraged one another with words of hope and promises of shelter presently. But while the youth spoke from his heart, it was plain the woman was rapidly losing her courage—and with courage, her little store of strength.

"Do you not hear them, Jude?" she asked often; "ay, but I do. God and the Virgin protect us this night."

He answered her by putting his arm around her and drawing the beloved figure closer to him.

"Believe no such stories, dear mother," he said. "It is a tale out of Spain, a tale for children. What have the white horsemen to do with you and me? What could they do against the soldiers of France?"

The old woman trembled in his arms.

"They are not flesh and blood," she said, while her palsied hand shook so that she held her staff with difficulty. "They come out of the shadows. They ride over the world. Those who see them fall dead at their feet. Their swords are fire."

They walked on a little way, the darkness gathering quickly; but, of a sudden the woman stood still and raised her staff, pointing upwards to the distant mountains.

"Hearken, hearken," she wailed as a cromo mourning the dead, "I hear horsemen in the woods! Jesus have pity—Blessed Mother, hear Thy child!"

Had it been anyone else but the mother he worshipped, the youth would have burst out laughing at the words; but he comforted her as he would have comforted a child.

"Dear mother, let me hold you with my arm. Have I not said that these are children's stories? Shall we believe them, you and I who trust in the good God? Would God harm you, mother, you who love everybody?"

She did not answer him. Her mind was far away. The strange wail was still upon her lips and she muttered it as they went:

"Hearken, hearken—I hear horsemen in the woods!"

The lad hid his impatience from her and half carried her towards the woodland path above which their chalet lay. When they turned the corner of the road, they could see the village below them and hear the bell of its church ringing as a tocsin. Mingling with the sounds were the wails of women and the cries of children. Men passed in and out of the houses carrying lanterns in their hands. The door

of the church was open and many were kneeling before the lighted altar.

"It is the judgment," croaked the woman, "the judgment of God upon sinners! Did I not tell you there were horsemen in the woods? Oh, yonder, yonder, yonder! Behold the soldiers of Christ! Worship, my son, worship—lest God strike us both and we perish!"

She continued to croak and to scream—and her voice failing her anon, she sank down to the dust and lay prone there. The man stood as one petrified. In the hollow of the road not a hundred paces from him there was a troop of white horsemen riding at a gallop toward the city of miracles. Their swords glittered in the air as swords of pure gold; the crimson light fell upon their faces as a light from Heaven; the thunder of hoofs was as a sound of cataracts.

For a moment the youth stood spell-bound. The entrancing spectacle was to him as some vision from the world beyond the grave. He neither moved nor spoke. The words of his mother's prophecy were echoing in his ears. "They come out of the shadows. They ride over the world." He repeated the words even when clouds of dust half choked him, and the very earth quaked as the troop flashed by.

Silence fell again upon the hills; the pines swayed to the gentle breezes of night. There were no longer cries in the affrighted village. The youth knelt by his mother's side and besought her to take courage.

She did not answer him, and when he laid his trembling hand upon her heart, he knew that she was dead.

(To be continued.)

For a Klondyke Dinner Party.

THE introduction of desiccated and condensed food into the commissariat of the Klondyker has been the means of giving a great many delicacies to the worker in these inhospitable regions which he could never have obtained in the ordinary way.

Taking these dried viands for a basis, here is a bill of fare for use on gala days, say to celebrate the finding of an extra big nugget, or the discovery of an extra large number of ounces of dust in the washing of a single pan:

OYSTERS.
Dried on Strings.
POTAGE.
Beef Tablet and Dried Vegetables (à la Daws in City).
RELIEVES.
Dried Olives, Celery Tablets.
POISSON.
Columbia Salmon (tinned).
LEGUMES.
Already eaten in the soup.
ROTI.
Beef (ditto, ditto).
DRESSING.
Apples (evaporated).
CAKE.
Tablet (with saccharine).

MOTHER (to her boy sliding down the banisters):

"Willie, what are you doing there?"

Willie: "Making trousers for orphan boys."

ETHEL: "Who is that man you just bowed to?"

Penelope: "That was Dobson, the great composer."

Ethel: "A composer, did you say?"

Penelope: "Yes. He manufactures soothing syrup."

"How did you spot him?" asked the reporter of the detective who had just nabbed a brilliant young confidence gentleman, disguised as a bloomer girl. "The disguise is perfect."

"I happened to catch him blushing," said the astute sleuth-hound of the law.

MR. BINKS (after an absence): "And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected. You are a clever little woman. What became of him?"

Mrs. Binks: "The other burglar carried him off."

Mr. Binks: "Which other burglar?"

Mrs. Binks: "The one I aimed at."

VISITOR: "How do you manage to keep your father from opening your love letters?"

Alma: "I got my young man to write on the envelope the words 'Cigar price list,' and when father sees that, he throws the letter unopened into the waste-paper basket, and I pick them out when his back is turned."

Combined Football and Cycling Insurance for £100.

GUARANTEED BY THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LTD.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be Next-of-kin of any Football Player or Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually playing football or riding a Cycle, as the case may be. The only condition is that the Football Player or Cyclist in question must at the time of the accident be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of the coupon on the second page. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

A picture in the Imperial Album this month is of a party engaged in the construction of a field work. Sandbags, fascines, and gabions are used in the construction of field works; some of the latter, in the process of being filled with earth, are shown in the picture.

Your Old Friend, New and Strange.

THE inconveniences of learning to ride a bicycle are considerably mitigated by the use of an apparatus now adopted by several riding schools in Germany. A miniature railway runs round the school about twelve feet from the ground, and from this are suspended several straps, each one of which is buckled to a machine, in this way keeping it upright.

AN American lady has invented a means of protecting the feet of her sex from the trampling of men as they go out and in between the acts at the theatre. It consists of an iron case, lined with felt, to be clamped to the floor in front of the seat. The top of the case is rounded, so that nobody can be tripped up by it. When a man rises to leave the theatre, the women in his row have simply to slip their feet into these cases and they are safe; the man can work his way forth and back without hurting them in the least.

AN automatic photograph of a deer taken at midnight is one of the latest marvels of photography. This was secured by means of an automatic arrangement devised by Mr. Charles Hughes, of Red Bluff, California. By a mechanical device the deer in touching a linen thread while moving along a trail at midnight put in action the movement which opened the camera, flashed the magnesium powder, and then closed the shutter, the whole, according to Mr. Hughes' showing, being done in the fraction of a second.

IN London all sorts of odd occupations flourish. The latest is that of enabling gentlemen who have indulged in too much liquor to get rid of intoxication with the least possible effect. Those who practise this new profession provide themselves with a little flask of ammonia, and look out for clients in all the leading thoroughfares. When they see a man reeling home, they walk up to him, offer him their flasks of ammonia, and in nine cases out of ten he accepts their services and gives them a liberal fee. A careful estimate which has been made shows that these professors can earn about five shillings a day.

I HAVE received from Mr. H. Nolan, of 28, Dempster Road, Wandsworth, S.W., a section of his improved picture rail, the great advantage of which is that it supersedes the old style of brass hooks, as well as being more sightly. The rail has the appearance of a moulded cornice, which runs round the walls, flush with the ceiling. Between the dentil grooves of the moulding, cords or chains, according to the taste of the purchaser, are passed, so that the weight of the picture gets a direct bearing on the rail, thereby doing away with the possibility of the picture falling, to say nothing of the somewhat unsightly appearance of the brass hooks so much in use.

TELEGRAPHING at the speed of four thousand words a minute is something calculated to take one's breath away, especially when we reflect that a man does not ordinarily speak more than 150 words in that time, and indeed his average is considerably less, especially when he is at work and is thinking while he is speaking. This speed, however, is achieved by means of a machine called the synchronograph which has been tested over a line running to a length of 860 miles, and embracing in circuit London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, York, Leeds, and other places. It need hardly be said that human hands are not employed in this apparatus, and it depends on machinery. What the rate of speed means may perhaps be gauged by the fact that it would be possible to telegraph the whole of this number of P.W., including the covers, from one end of the country to the other in about a quarter of an hour.

ONE would have thought that by now tops had been developed to their utmost capacity, seeing that they have been well-known toys from the very earliest recorded times. The latest idea is a detonating peg top which has been invented by a gentleman in Plymouth. The peg instead of being merely fastened into the spinning end in the ordinary way runs through the whole of the wood and at the top it is flattened like a French nail which is pressed upwards against a piece of metal by means of a spring coiled under the head. This piece of metal is held in position by means of a couple of small screws which are firmly embedded in the wood. When the top is to be spun, the peg is pulled down by its lower end, leaving the space between the top and the metal covering open, and into this space an amorre is placed, and it is held in position by means of the spring. The string is then wound on the top in the usual manner, and as soon as the top is thrown on to the ground the peg is driven up, the spring presses on the amorre, which explodes with a bang and thus adds to the delight of the youthful spinner.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so. No CHARGE WHATSOEVER IS MADE.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the editor of P.W., marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

Never Mind the Spelling.

"WELL, my man, what can I do for you?" asked the foreman of a building establishment to an Irishman who entered the yard.

"Shure, yer honour, it's work O'im wanting."

"I can't give you a job to-day, Pat, but I will put your name down, and think of you when there's a chance. What is it?"

"Patrick O'Droghlin, yer honour, at your service."

The foreman nibbled at his pencil and looked puzzled. "How do you spell it, Pat," he asked.

"Faix, an' O'i don't know, yer honour," replied Pat, scratching his head. "O've never shpelt it, and my father he never shpelt it to my knowledge. Nobody ever shpelt it, I beleave. Sure, it wasn't meant to be shpelt at all at all. Just put it down without shpelling it intirely; ye'll know it's me!"

And he left the foreman to do the best he could.

How Some Records are Broken.

THE GENTLE ART OF "TOWING."

If one cannot judge a man by the coat he wears, it is more difficult to distinguish one particular make of bicycle from another by reason of its racing successes, for the latter cannot be relied upon any more than we can look to the treacherous Afriidi for fidelity.

P.W., having seen in the windows of more than one cycle depot in London bicycles whose road and path merits were conspicuously displayed in wonderfully worded showcards, telegrams, and letters, the thought occurred to the writer that their genuineness was open to doubt—or, we should say, inspection.

"The test of the strength and worth of a machine does not lie in breaking record speeds," said an expert, whom P.W. called on, "but as cycle manufacturers and their agents find it easier to sell a machine which has been identified with such successes, they meet the demand by frequently stooping to contingencies that are less remarkable for honesty than deception."

"In other words, the public cannot rely on what they hear and see about such and such a bicycle breaking this, that, or the other record; for it happens only too often that such a record is a bogus one."

"The great propelling agent of commerce is advertising, and it is only smart advertising that pays. Deception is not honest in anything, but that vice is particularly strong in the cycle racing business. What disinterested person will follow in the wake of a long-distance ride merely to see that everything is done on the square? I know of one or two recent cases where riders in long-distance races have, when safe on the country road, dismounted from their own wheels and scrambled on to the back seat of the tandem which was supposed to be pacing them."

"Towing is often resorted to on the road when a rider is tired, and there is danger of his losing ground. One of our big cycle companies recently advertised a big racing record event, and showed in their depot window the machine which was supposed to have been ridden home the conqueror. As a matter of fact, it was the identical wheel, but the rider had been towed on it for scores of miles, the machine having been hitched up to the triplet that paced him."

"I know of another long-distance race where a particular make of machine broke down no fewer than three times, the third machine being the one shown in the depot by the makers as the invincible hero that did the whole journey. It surprised some of the knowing ones, however, that it appeared so fairly clean, and the story leaked out little by little, but the incident is forgotten now. There happened to be more mud on the wheel than splashing of chalk and sand, which might have deceived town-birds, but not so country riders."

"Every race is watched by most of the big firms. A good many crack riders are in the pay of the leading firms. The machines ridden by record makers are seldom wheels taken from stock, they are often specially-made mounts. These are mere tricks of the trade, and I suppose every trade and calling in life has its own peculiar dodges."

STAGE MANAGER: "Great snakes! Stop! don't move that scene yet."

Super: "It's almost time."

"Don't touch it. Juliet is there dead in the tomb. If you move that canvas you will let in a draught and she'll sneeze."

"Ma," said Johnny, after he had surveyed his bald-headed uncle for several moments, "Uncle George has had his forehead raised, so that people will think he's sharp." Then the urchin meditated a minute and exclaimed: "By jingo, he'll get tired of that, though, for he'll have more face to wash."

MRS. SUBBUBS: "There's the cart with the piano we bought to-day. You can just send it back."

Mr. Subbubs: "Why?"

Mrs. Subbubs: "Do you suppose that we are going to pay fifty guineas for a piano and have it brought home at night, when the neighbours can't see it, eh? Not likely."

Are These Your Old Friends, Too?

QUEEN CHRISTINA of Spain was the first Royalty to indulge herself in a motor carriage.

THE average mental and physical strength of the women of the royal families of Europe is greater than that of the men.

THE Tsarina of Russia is an expert typist, and recently ordered a new machine with gold type-bars and the frame inlaid with pearls.

LORD ROBERTS, as is perhaps natural considering his own case, asserts that the short men make the best fighting material in the British Army.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, though a zealous teetotaler, always allows his delicate guests a glass of wine. He preaches each year over a hundred sermons, in favour of temperance.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE can play all kinds of tunes on handbells and wineglasses of different shapes, and is also a skilful performer on the "cymballum," an instrument which is played only by the Tzigane of Hungary.

EARL GREY, who is now so intimately associated with South Africa, is a great favourite with Royalty. He was one of the few untitled and non-military men who was asked to accompany the Prince of Wales during the latter's tour in India. In those days the present Administrator of the Chartered Company's Territories was known as "Albert Grey." He was a frequent contributor to the PALL MALL GAZETTE, and was believed to be a Radical.

THE German Emperor ascribes his good health and vigour to the excellent advice given to him by his favourite doctor, and he has learnt by heart the latter's "rule of life," which is as follows: Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Only take potatoes once a day. Don't take tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night.

LADY HARRERTON has been an advocate of "rational" dress for over twenty years. When she began her crusade in favour of divided and short skirts she found but few sympathisers among her own sex. Now, thanks in a measure to cycling and golfing, the Viscountess numbers thousands of women among her adherents, especially abroad. Lady Harrerton has designed several "rational" costumes, and quite lately she offered a prize for the best and most novel garment of the kind shown her.

SIR FREDERICK D. MIDDLETON enjoys the onerous position of Keeper of the Regalia, in other words, he is responsible for the enormously valuable collection of Crown jewels kept at the Tower, and his own quarters are not the least picturesque and interesting to be found in the vast mass of buildings which compose the old fortress. Sir Frederick is a gallant-looking old soldier. He served in New Zealand over fifty years ago, and from there found his way to India, where he took an active part in the Indian Mutiny, being present at the relief of Lucknow. He is well known in Canada, where he organised the Canadian Militia, but he thoroughly enjoys his present duties, and no man knows more than he does about the many romances connected with the priceless gems over which he keeps such faithful guard.

THE Princess of Monaco is the only Jewish Consort of a reigning Sovereign. She was the daughter of a well-known Paris Banker, Heine, and at the time of her first marriage to the Duc de Richelieu was one of the greatest heiresses in her father's adopted country. Since her marriage to the Prince of Monaco she spends a great deal of her time in the beautiful little Principality so intimately connected with the Goddess of Play, but she still frequently pays flying visits to Great Britain, for she has many intimate friends in London, and as a girl she spent a portion of each year at Holland House. Princess Alice, as she is always called, is a woman of broad intellectual sympathies. She is said to have a great distaste to Monte Carlo, and if she has her will, her husband will not renew the concession when the time comes for him to do so.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT began life in a Lanesboro cotton mill when he was a boy of ten. He lost his right arm by a machinery accident, and this threw him out of regular employment. He obtained work as a new-boy, and went on fairly well until a friend persuaded him to join the Fenian Brotherhood at the age of nineteen. He was only twenty-four when he was arrested and tried in London during one of the anti-Fenian scares, and then being sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, he spent the flower of his youth in prison. He was, however, released on ticket-of-leave after seven years. Mr. Davitt has never forgotten that grim experience, and it has coloured all his views of life, and yet only sixteen years ago he once more again risked penal servitude, being, however, released a year later. The present Member for East Kerry and South Mayo is probably the only living man who has been actually elected to Parliament (County Meath) when in Portland Convict Prison, but the election was disqualified by special votes of the House of Commons.

The military convalescent patients are permitted to leave their wards during the day, and to take exercise in the gardens or yards surrounding the hospital. The group depicted in the October Imperial Album is one of convalescents under treatment in the Rochester Row Station Hospital, London.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Pickled Onions will not turn a dark colour if you use the proper pickling vinegar, which is pale in colour. (Reply to HOUSEWIFE.)

Your Rep Curtains should be cleaned by an experienced person so I advise your sending them to one of the many good dyers and cleaners. (Reply to MARROW.)

Treacle Sauce is excellent with a boiled batter or suet pudding, and it should be made in these quantities: Put into a small stew-pan two large tablespoonfuls of golden syrup, one tablespoonful of dissolved butter, and the same quantity of lemon-juice. Stir constantly while the sauce heats, adding a little water, but do not let it boil.

The Water for Gold Fish Tanks should not be boiled, as you suggest, as fish will not live in water deprived of its atmospheric air. On the same principle, I am told that the covers of the vases ought to be open catgut, and not muslin. In the country, rain-water is the best for filling the tanks; but not in a town, where it is loaded with smuts and impurities. (Reply to DELAFOSSE.)

Eccles Cakes. Line a plate with light pastry; mix together four ounces of currants, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, a piece of candied lemon-peel chopped fine, and one ounce of brown sugar. Set these ingredients on the pastry. Cover with another piece of paste to fit the plate. Close the edges and mark them neatly with the back of a knife; make two slits in the top crust, and bake a nice delicate colour. Remove from the plate for serving. (Reply to SALMON.)

To Renovate Black Straw Hats. Make a varnish according to directions given below, and apply it with a toothbrush, holding the hat meanwhile before the fire or in the sun to dry. This preparation will not only make an old straw hat glossy, but in addition will stiffen it. Procure half an ounce of good black sealing-wax, reduce it to powder by pounding, and add to it two tablespoonfuls of pure spirits of wine—not methylated. Place it in a four-ounce bottle near the fire, until the wax is thoroughly melted, but take care that it is not too close, as the mixture is highly inflammable. If you consider the above-mentioned method too much trouble, an equal mixture of good black ink and gum, applied with a toothbrush and left to dry, will answer very well. (Reply to BLACKFRIARS.)

These Four Cordial Recipes will, I hope, suit your purposes. **Anised Cordial.**—Take three-quarters of a drachm of oil of aniseed, and dissolve it in a full two quarts and a half of strong alcohol, next add two quarts and a half of clear white syrup mixed with four quarts of water. Stir all together, and then filter and bottle. **Ginger Cordial.**—To every pint of essence of ginger add half a gallon of pure spirit, and half a gallon of white syrup. **Peppermint Cordial.**—Put sixty drops of essential oil of peppermint on to three or four lumps of sugar, pound it in a mortar with a tablespoonful of brandy till all is mixed. Add this to four quarts of water and two quarts of proof spirits of wine or gin. Colour to a good red with beetroot syrup. **Gingerette.**—Pour one pint of boiling water over two teaspoonfuls each of essence of ginger, and essence of lemon, and a quarter of an ounce of citric acid. Stir until all is thoroughly amalgamated, then add one pound and a half of white sugar and stir again till dissolved. Please excuse the delay, but owing to great press of letters I have been unable to put your answer in this page sooner. (Reply to COOPER.)

To Lady Cyclists and Others. Knickers of tweed and kindred materials have been found to supply a long-felt want. Many ladies commenced their use at the same time as they began to cycle, and having found them decidedly comfortable, have continued to include them in their wardrobe. During the summer, knickers of beige, alpaca, and galatea have perhaps been worn. These will, however, be found too thin for present use, and in their stead I would advocate those of serge or tweed. No. 2000 is a very good pattern indeed, and, moreover, a very cheap one, when its moderate price of 3s. is taken into account. If you have never tried corduroy for this purpose, I can assure you that you will find it quite worth your while; it is fairly soft, and wears "clean," as our grandmothers say, but there is a rustling noise with it. This is, however, so slight that it would not be noticed.



When Peeling Apples for dumplings, or stewing, put each into a basin of cold water with a little salt in it, as you cut it up. This will prevent the apples from getting brown and soft.

Jewellery can be beautifully cleaned by washing in soap-suds in which a few drops of spirits of ammonia are stirred, shaking off the water, and laying the articles in a box of dry sawdust. This method leaves no marks or scratches. (Reply to KELVINSIDE.)

To Boil Pork well, wash the joint, place it in a sauce-pan, and cover with warm water, and let it come gradually to the boil. Skim thoroughly and then simmer till tender. I always allow twenty minutes for every pound of meat, for pork requires slow cooking, and is very unwholesome if at all underdone. (Reply to ELGIN.)

To Clean a Mackintosh. Spread the cloak on a large deal table, and with soft water and soap, using a scrubbing brush, go carefully over it, and by degrees all the mud stains will be removed. Rinse by passing through clean soft water, and hang on a line in the shade to dry. The stains on the cloth may be rubbed with spirits of turpentine or ammonia. (Reply to OSSIE.)

Crab-Apple Jelly. Remove the stalks from the apples and cut them in half, put into a preserving pan, and boil till the fruit is quite soft; stir with the handle of the spoon only. When the apples are soft, strain off the liquor, and to every pint add one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and juice into a clean pan, and let it boil slowly for thirty-five minutes, removing all scum. Take off when clear, and fill the glasses. Save the fruit, and, after passing it through a coarse sieve, make it into cheese for desert, allowing one pound of sugar to each pound of pulp. (Reply to AUNT TABITHA.)

Gelatine Copying Pad. Soak two parts of good Scotch glue in two parts of water, and then melt by heat, stirring till all is dissolved, then add a few drops of carbolic acid, and enough whiting to make the whole opaque. Have a shallow zinc dish ready, pour the mixture in, and after standing all night it will be ready for use. Sponge the surface with cold water each time before using, and to clean off the ink use a sponge dipped into a very weak solution of hydrochloric acid, and afterwards place under a running tap. Any chemist will supply the right solution of the acid for a very few pence. (Reply to E. W. D. IRONMONGER.)

Make Malt Bread thus: Macerate half a pound of fresh ground pale malt in lukewarm water for twelve hours, and then strain through a thick cloth. Place ten pounds of flour in a pan with a small handful of salt. Stir into this the infusion of malt, which in summer must be lukewarm, but in winter a little warmer, but not too hot, or it will kill the yeast. Having mixed the infusion of malt and flour, add two ounces of yeast, stir well together, and knead into a stiff dough, then leave to rise in a warm place, covered with a cloth. When ready, make into loaves and bake in a good oven. (Reply to L. S., Bradford.)

To Bake Pears. Peel large cooking pears, cut them in two, leaving the stalks on. Put these into a brown pan with moist sugar, cloves, and lemon peel. Pour some water over, just sufficient to moisten the sugar and prevent the pears from burning. Place the peelings of the pears over the top. Tie the brown paper over the whole, and set them in an oven to bake. A cool oven is the best for the more slowly they bake the better colour they become. When sufficiently cooked, remove the peel, and, when cold, serve the pears in a glass dish. The more sugar that is put to them the longer they will keep good. This recipe has been appreciated by my readers in previous years, and I feel sure will please you. (Reply to TRIFLES.)

Piccalilli. Slice a sound-hearted white cabbage flower into small branches, and take a few gherkin cucumbers and kidney beans. Lay all the vegetables in a sieve, scatter them with salt, and expose to the sun for four days. By this time the water will be extracted from them. Now lay the vegetables in a stoneware jar, scattering mustard seed freely over them. To each gallon of best vinegar add one ounce and a half of turmeric and three ounces of sliced garlic. Boil all together, and while the liquor is still hot, pour over the vegetables. Let them remain ten days or a fortnight near the fire, the top of the jar covered closely with thick white paper; by this time the vegetables will have become quite yellow, and taken up a large quantity of the vinegar. Then boil three quarts of white wine vinegar with one ounce and a half of white pepper, one ounce and a half of mace, one ounce and a half each of nutmeg, cloves, and long pepper, for ten minutes. Skim and pour over the pickles. Tie the jar tightly with bladder, and after two months the pickle will be ready to eat. (Reply to E. D. PEARSON.)

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For my Manchester Readers' Benefit. I have been requested to state that in cookery a "gill" means a quarter of a pint, and not half a pint, as is sometimes thought. (Thanks, H. V. PEGLER.)

Ink Stains on Stone will, I think, be removed by the application of some oxalic acid; let it soak in thoroughly, and then wash with plenty of warm water, without soap. (Reply to X. Y. Z.)

Ripe Tomato Jam. To each pound of small red or yellow tomatoes, allow one pound of sugar, one pint of water, and two lemons. Pour boiling water over the fruit, so as to take off the skins easily. Place the sugar and water in a pan, and when it becomes a thin syrup, add the tomatoes and lemons cut in thin shreds. Boil all together until the fruit is clear, then place the fruit in flat dishes to get cold. Boil the syrup until it is very thick, and when cold add to the tomatoes, and put in pots. Cover each pot with bladder, and store it in an airy place. (Reply to R. E. D.)

Fried Vegetable Marrow. This is a good way of serving the marrow we have stored for winter use, and which lack the flavour of the fresh-gathered vegetable. First boil the marrow and drain dry, then let it get cold. Cut the whole into pieces two inches wide by three inches long. Then brush over each piece with oiled butter, and dredge thickly with flour. Allow the butter time to harden, then dip into egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat till a golden brown. Drain very dry and serve with a little rich tomato sauce in a tureen. A variety of vegetables like leeks, artichokes, and salsify, may be used for this recipe with very good results.

Apple Dumplings. Take some medium sized apples, pare them carefully, and cut them into quarters, and remove the core. Mix together a little butter and brown sugar, take a clove and a strip of lemon-peel the size and thickness of the little finger nail. Put these into as much butter and sugar as will fill the hollow of the apple when the four quarters have been put together again. Put two quarters together with the sugar, butter, cloves, and lemon peel into the hollow, piling it up. Place the other two quarters on the top, and surround the peeled apple with some suet crust. Tie each dumpling up in a floured cloth, and boil for about three-quarters of an hour, or rather longer if the apples are large. Throw them into boiling water. It is dangerous, especially when young children eat the dumplings, to scoop out the core without actually cutting open the apple. It can be done, but should not be recommended. Great care should be taken to remove all the core. (Reply to KATTIE.)

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Sea Air Failed:

"I came back more dead than alive."

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"January 27th, 1897.

"Dear Sirs,—I have been a great sufferer during the past year from Gastric Catarrh and Colic. I tried different Doctors and change of air, but never seemed to get well.

"The last time I had an attack was about a month before Christmas, and, after getting a little better, I thought I would try change of air, so I went down to the seaside at Morecambe, but unfortunately came back more dead than alive. It was on Boxing Day, and, having read of Guy's Tonic, thought I would try a bottle, although I had previously tried a lot of advertised medicines to no purpose.

"I can strongly recommend Guy's Tonic to anyone suffering from Indigestion and Flatulency, as it has proved a wonderful boon to me. Guy's Tonic has given me what Doctor's medicines, other patent medicines, and sea-air failed.

"to do—my health back again. This, hitherto, I had begun to despair of.

"Yours, most truly,

"EDWARD HUNTER."

In reply to an enquiry, Mr. Edward Hunter wrote on February 2nd, 1897:

"You are quite at liberty to make use of my Statement, as Guy's Tonic is a grand medicine, far beyond anything I have ever tried. I only wish I had obtained it sooner, it would have saved me some heavy Doctor's bills.

"My next-door Neighbour, who has two Daughters unwell, and seeing the great change in myself, has asked if I would obtain your Book on Digestion. I have already purchased a bottle of Guy's Tonic for them, feeling convinced that a short course of Guy's Tonic would put them in perfect Health."

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IF YOU SEE IT IN P.W., IT'S SO.

On the "Tit Bits" Yacht.

A TALK WITH SIR GEORGE NEWNES' FORMER YACHTSMAN.

I HAD heard, writes a reporter of the HAMPSHIRE INDEPENDENT, that Mr. Charles McLean, of 2, York Street, Houndwell, Southampton, had a story to tell that was of a most astonishing character, and of course I wanted to hear all about it. I did not find my gentleman at first, but on a second visit, he appeared, and grasped me warmly by the hand. "Welcome," he said; "I was expecting you," and we then proceeded to have a talk.

Mr. McLean is a ship's fireman; he has done a great deal of foreign service, and to some of this he attributed a great many of the ills from which he suffered. "You see," he said, "I would come out into the wet to get a breath of fresh air, and then go back to the furnaces with my clothes drying on me. I think this laid the foundation of a serious illness." He has served on Mr. Singer's yacht (the gentleman of sewing machine fame), and also

WITH SIR GEORGE NEWNES

for a season. But of late he has been unable to work except by fits and starts, and had to give up several promising jobs. "Indeed," he said, "I never expected to go to sea again, nor thought I should be alive to-day. I had pains round the heart, also in the spine and muscles of the back, and the latter were awful. I went to the club doctor, who examined me and painted me several times, giving me medicine also, but it failed to reach the pains, which still continued. For sixteen weeks I was under treatment, but failed to get relief, and the doctor at length told me it was no good; he could not tell what my complaint was. I then went to a number of doctors, and tried the hospital, where I was an out-patient, and had more medicine, but began to think I was incurable, and was at my wit's end what to do. I felt as though

I hadn't a drop of blood, and the shooting pain was as bad as ever. I thought of going to a London hospital, but I knew if I did I should never see my mother again.

"Then I got so weak that I felt inclined to end all my miseries. But it didn't come to that, thank God, and here I am to-day, as hearty as ever I was, and able to do a good day's work—for I've done one to-day. You should have seen me six weeks ago! I was like a skeleton.

"How it resulted was in this way. My sister Anne was reading the papers, and she saw the account of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had done for a Coastguard by restoring him completely to health. She said to me, 'What they have done for him, they should do for you,' and off she went for a box. I didn't care one way or the other—I was too bad—but consented to try them. Well, I took this box of pills, and from the first dose began to experience relief. I continued taking them, and by the time I had taken nearly the whole of a second box I was better than I have been for years.

"Now all the pain has gone, and here I am, though little expecting to be here. I feel a new man, and I shall be off to sea again before long. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have cured me. I tell you they have saved my life, and I don't mind who knows it.



"Off to sea again."

Publish what I say, and give my photograph. Now you have the truth, and I could tell you of other cases which have been cured, too, but that's my experience, and I hope you will publish it. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the finest medicine I ever had in my life, and I owe my life to them."

Free Offer to P.W. Readers.

HONEST and valuable advice is offered free of all charge to every reader of this paper. If you are interested in anything you find here; if you wish to know whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are suited to your own case, please write to us. We will tell you at once whether they have cured similar cases, and give you instances. If they are not suitable to your case we will

honestly tell you so; we decline to sell pills to people whom we do not think they will cure. Address: Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

NOT LIKE OTHERS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not like other medicines, and their effects are permanent. Nothing else is so prompt in pulling up the system when, from some temporary depression or otherwise, tone is needed. But they are not merely useful as a tonic. They have cured nearly six thousand nine hundred cases of diseases arising from an impoverished state of the blood, such as anaemia, pale and fallow complexion, green sickness, general muscular weakness, depression of spirits, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, loss of memory, early decay, all ladies' ailments, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica; also for all diseases arising from vitiated humours in the blood, which causes scrofula, rickets, hip-joint diseases, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs. They invigorate the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, diseases, excesses, and indiscretions of living. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, which becomes rich and red, and nourishes the various organs, stimulating them into activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminating diseases from the system.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and are sold by chemists everywhere at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d., or they may be had by post from the above address. The genuine pills are sold only in wooden boxes, about two inches in length, with a pink wrapper with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed in red. They are never sold in bulk, or from glass jars, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided.

Are Holidays a Mistake?

THE FATAL SEASIDE.

Now people are coming back from summer holidays, the question arises in many families: "Are we any better off?" Many people go away to the seaside and contrive to catch a lasting or fatal illness where they seek health. Do holidays pay?

The PEOPLE'S JOURNAL of Dundee, one of the most important Scotch papers, calls attention to a case in point. "Up to July I was a healthy woman," said a lady in Fifeshire, "it was a cold I caught in the holidays, and that I could not get rid of, which began my troubles. I first had a pain in my side, and then an awful cough. I became weaker and weaker. My kidneys were attacked by the cold. I lay in bed suffering from severe pain.

"Two months after my illness commenced, the doctor was specially sent for one forenoon, as I had become dangerously ill. After examination, he asked me, among other things, if any of my people had died of consumption.

"My mother," I answered, 'had gone in that way, but I did not think consumption was in the family.'

"He said: 'I think you are going into a consumption.'

"I was ordered brandy, eggs, and beef-tea, but I could not take anything; my appetite had completely gone. Relatives were sent for from Edinburgh to take away my child, then eleven months old. When my husband returned from going to the station with them, he said:

"I think, Jeannie, I will get this wonderful new medicine I have seen so often mentioned in the newspapers. It is not like ordinary medicine, and the papers have reported some wonderful cures by it. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they call the thing. They are only 2s. 9d. a box.

"He went and brought me up a box. I took a little bread and milk to have something on my stomach, and he gave me three of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Through the night my cough seemed to get a little easier.

When I awakened I said: 'Alec, I feel so hungry.' He gave me a lamb chop and a cup of tea. I am sure I had not tasted as much food for about two months before. When the neighbours came in and saw me before, they were really astonished. I took another three pills, and had a refreshing sleep.

"I got better every day after that, and my cough and the pains gradually went away."

"Had you suffered a great deal of pain?"

"Yes, and I had been poulticed until the skin came



"Come to take away my child."

off my body; I had a racking cough that I could not get up, and cut through me from my back to my chest. It was dreadful at night."

"What did the doctor say when he saw you had recovered?"

"The doctor had said to his assistant he thought I would never get better. The assistant said my recovery was a miracle. I will persist in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Mrs. Walker lives at 120, High Street, Cowdenheath, and her case is only one of many in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured Consumption and all diseases arising from debility and impoverished blood, rheumatism, influenza, anaemia, scrofula, and chronic erysipelas, as well as nervous disorders, such as paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, St. Vitus's dance, and nervous headache. They are obtainable of all chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Pills are not purgative, and cannot harm the most delicate.

"Alice, I Can Walk."

A SENSATIONAL CASE IN LONDON.

"ALICE, I shouted, 'I can walk'—and immediately there was a stampede to get at me!"

That, according to the SOUTH LONDON PRESS, is how Miss Roe described the event in her life which has made her the talk of New Cross.

You do not know who Miss Roe is? Well, you would if you lived in South London, for this intelligent and educated young lady, who lives with her father at 2, Trim Street, London, S.E., has been the topic of conversation there for months.

"I COULD GET 200 SIGNATURES,"

Mr. Roe said, "if necessary to testify to the truth of what she has said." This was Miss Roe's story: In the spring of 1895 she happened to be ill in bed, from the after-effects of an attack of influenza. She soon became a total invalid: unable to walk, she was carried from room to room, helpless.



Miss Roe.

"For fifteen months," she said, "I lay paralysed. Two doctors, of high professional standing, attended me. I was at last sent to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and lay there twenty-two weeks. Everything was done there that doctors could do, but I came out of the hospital worse than

I went in. I lost all hope of ever getting better. Last autumn it occurred to me to write to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and on their advice (for they will tell you candidly whether their medicine is likely to do good or not), I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I felt sure that every dose I took did me good. I seemed to feel stronger, and was not without hope.

"On the morning of November 30th," pursued Miss Roe, "I had been calling to my sister Alice to come up and carry me down. Alice was so busy in the kitchen that she had me wait a little. So much had I improved since taking the Pills, that I felt emboldened to scramble out of bed myself. I did so, and what added to my joy was the feeling that my legs bore me up. Further emboldened, I began to walk, and I actually reached the bedroom door on my own feet. Overcome with joy, I shouted, 'Alice, I can walk!' Hearing this, and perceiving that I had got on to the top of the stairs alone, there was immediately a stampede to get to me. The astonishment of all of us knew no bounds.

"As to my present health," continued Miss Roe, "I never felt better in my life. I am as active in my limbs as ever I was; I do housework, and I know that my marvellous restoration to health and bodily activity is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Miss Roe's ailment supervened, as is apparent, from an attack of influenza, which so debilitated her nerves and impoverished her blood that she became a paralytic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which cured her, as above related in her own words, do their good work through their tonic effect on the nerves and by enriching and building up the blood.



"A stampede to get to me."

BOOKS - YOU - SHOULD - READ.

By "The Family Friend."

"THE SKIPPER'S WOOING."

MR. W. W. JACOBS, who is winning golden opinions by his new book, "The Skipper's Wooing," is a young gentleman who combines the pursuit of literature in his spare time with serving his country in one of Her Majesty's offices. In person he is slight and spare, of a quiet, retiring manner, and an unobtrusive disposition which has made him many friends at the "New Vagabonds," and other kindred literary institutions. "The Skipper's Wooing" is Mr. Jacobs's second book, and has been hailed with delight by a large class of readers who turn to his cheery pages with a sigh of relief on escaping from the dreary pessimism of Thomas Hardy, and the cynical realism of Zola.

The captain of a small coasting-vessel is always Mr. Jacobs's favourite hero. Captain Wilson, of the schooner *Seamer*, is a breezy, modest son of Neptune, as susceptible as most sailors. He falls in love with a very pretty girl, greatly to the amusement of his crew and the fiend of a cabin-boy. At length he makes the lady's acquaintance and coyly tells his love. There is another Hotspur in the field; but the heroine informs Captain Wilson that the successful suitor for her hand must be the man who finds her father. Some five years ago, old Captain Gething has knocked down a man, and disappeared under the impression that his victim was dead. The man recovers, but the Captain does not know this, and never returns.

Fired by a desire to find the missing man, Captain Wilson returns on board with old Mr. Gething's photograph, and offers a reward to the crew to aid him. Sam and Dick go ashore, and commence their search in the nearest public-house.

"It's quite a little romans," said Sam thickly, as he was pushed outside the last house of call, and a bolt shot desolately behind him. "Where shall we go now?"

"Get back to the ship," said Dick. "Come along."

"Not 'fore I foun' 'im," said Sam solemnly, as he drew back from Dick's detaining hand.

"You won't find him to-night, Sam," said the cook humourously.

"Why not?" said Sam, regarding him with glassy eyes.

"We came out fin' 'im!"

"Cos it's dark for one thing," said the cook.

Sam laughed scornfully.

"Come on," said Dick, catching him by the arm again.

"I come out fin' cap'n, cap'n fin' 'im," said Sam. "I'm not goin' back 'thout 'im."

It will be easily seen from the foregoing that a wide field of ludicrous adventure is open to the crew. It is needless to say that they avail themselves of it to the fullest extent, not even excluding the cabin-boy, Henry. "What isn't your business?" said the mate carelessly to Henry on one occasion. "His," said Henry. This power of repartee does not endear Henry to the rest of the crew, and everyone is delighted when he undertakes the quest on his own account, and gets into the summer-house of a garden belonging to a girl's school. A little girl has been shut up in the summer-house as a punishment; the scene between these children is extremely funny:

"And how many times," said Gertrude Ursula, Florence Harcourt, getting nearer to him again, "have you had fights with pirates?"

She left absolutely no loophole. If she had asked him whether he had ever fought pirates, he would have said "No," though that would have been hard with her little, excitable face turned towards him, and the dark blue eyes shining with interest.

"I forget whether it was six or seven," said Harry Atkins. "I think it was only six."

"Tell us all about them," said Miss Harcourt, shifting with excitement.

Henry took a bite of his apple and started, thankful that a taste for reading of a thrilling description had furnished him with material. He fought ships in a way which even admirals had never thought of, and certainly not the pirates, who were invariably discomfited by the ingenious means by which he enabled virtue to triumph over sin. Miss Harcourt held her breath with pleasurable terror, and tightened or relaxed the grip of her small and not too clean fingers on his arm as the narrative proceeded.

"But you never killed a man yourself," said she, when she had finished. There was an infection, just a slight infection of voice, which Henry thought undeserved after the trouble he had taken.

"I can't exactly say," he replied shortly. "You see in the heat"—he got it right that time—"in the heat of an engagement you can't be sure."

"Of course you can't," said Miss Harcourt, repenting of her unreasonableness. "You are brave."

But retribution overtakes Henry in the shape of Miss O'Brien, the athletic young gymnasium mistress, who is ordered by the head-mistress to expel the destroyer of pirates from the summer-house.

"I shall kick you," whispered Henry fiercely—ignoring the fact that both his legs were jammed together—as he caught sight of the pale, bewildered little face of Gertrude U. F. Harcourt.

"Kick away," said Miss O'Brien sweetly, and, using him as a dumb-bell, threw in a gratuitous gymnastic display for the edification of her pupils.

"If you come here again, you naughty little boy," said Miss Dimchurch, who was heading the procession behind, "I shall give you to a policeman. Open the gate, girls!"

The gate was open, and Henry, half-dead with shame, was thrust into the road in full view of the cook, who had been sent out in search of him.

"The Skipper's Wooing" (3s. 6d.), by W. W. Jacobs. Published by C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

"Wot, 'Enry?" said the cook in unbelieving accents as he staggered back aglance at the spectacle, "wotever 'ave you been a-doin' of?"

"He's been stealing my apples!" said Miss Dimchurch sternly.

"If I catch him here again I shall cane him!"

"Quite right, ma'am! I hope he hasn't hurt anybody," said the cook, unable to realise fully the discomfiture of the youth.

Miss Dimchurch slammed the gate and left the couple standing in the road. The cook turned and led the way down to the town again accompanied by the crestfallen Henry.

The book is so breezy and full of open-air fun that its high spirits are infectious. Mr. Jacobs has done nothing better than the rough-looking, tender-hearted skipper, and his pretty sweetheart, Miss Gething. This book, a certain cure for the megrims, is so pure and honest in its tone that it can be read by young and old alike. Now that the winter is coming on, it should be in great request at Penny Readings and similar institutions.

"JOHN OF STRATHBOURNE."

I WAS astonished the other day to hear that the historical novel—particularly the French historical novel—is doomed. "People are tired," said a literary friend to me, "of the Frenchman who is always meeting with exciting adventures in France. Why can't you have a Frenchman in England, or better still, an Englishman in France?" Mr. R. D. Chetwode, although he tells me that he is slightly deaf, must have heard this remark, for in his new book, "John of Strathbourne," he takes an English lad in France and makes him grow up there. I was a little sceptical about the success of such an experiment until I came to read the story; after I had finished Mr. Chetwode's thrilling romance, I had no doubts whatever.

The story opens in the hut of a French peasant in the winter of 1520. Mère Tapin tells little Jean that his father was an English knight whom her husband had murdered. She gives the boy a letter and a ring which may help him to prove his identity. The boy then escapes from the hut and is captured by those celebrated bandits "The Thousand Devils."

It was a favourite answer of theirs when questioned: "Whence come you?" "From the devil." "Whither going?" "To the devil." And their acts corresponded with their words. They were the terror of the country-side for miles round.

The captain of "The Thousand Devils" has an old grudge against the Marquis of Suresne, and captures him with his son and daughter. The girl sees her father murdered in cold blood, a rope is thrown round the boy's neck, and he is half-choked into giving his consent to his sister's marriage with the captain of "The Thousand Devils." Edmée de Suresne says that she would rather marry the meanest of the band; whereupon, the captain makes her go through a form of marriage with Jean, the horseboy, who is now about eighteen. The young couple are left together in Jean's hut and Edmée at length consents to escape with him from the brigands. Jean has tied a rope to an overhanging tree in order to reach the table-land above. He tells her:

"If, indeed, you mean to trust me, you must do exactly as I say. Put your arms about my neck and keep your eyes shut close; whatever happens, whatever you may hear, do not open them. My dread was that as we neared the height she might turn giddy and fall. Promise me this and we will chance it."

"I promise on one condition, that you will let me die rather than fall into the hands of those wicked men."

"That is very simple. I have but to let go and we shall be dashed to pieces. Quick now, clasp me tight," and fearing to trust only to her slight hold, I wound the lower rope round and round us. "Now shut your eyes and hold fast, and may Heaven have mercy upon us both."

It was a risk indeed; I made sure they would see us, and if they fired we were lost. Even if they missed, I was quite certain, did the captain know the way we were gone, he would find means to follow us.

Burdened as I was, I could not mount very fast, and I had scarce emerged from the shelter of the hut when the men came full in view. The demoiselle heard, though she could not see them, I felt her shudder from head to foot.

"Have no fear," I muttered in her ear. "It may be death, but they shall never touch you alive." I had only to give the rope a jerk and we were over the abyss.

The young couple escape, and after further exciting adventures, Mademoiselle de Suresne is restored to her own friends and, for the time being, passes out of Jean's life. It is needless to say that Jean conceives a passionate love for her and endeavours to make himself worthy of his birth. How he afterwards finds out that he is indeed John of Strathbourne, and how he again encounters the fair Edmée de Suresne, together with many other matters of note, are they not written in these exciting chronicles? Mr. Chetwode's story is so fresh, so well-written and well-constructed, that I shall be very much surprised if it does not immediately become popular. I tried it on a boy of sixteen, and his verdict was "ripping"; I also tried it on a well-known literary man, and he said that it "brushed the cobwebs out of his brain." It is something nowadays to find an author who can please all ages.

"John of Strathbourne," by R. D. Chetwode (3s. 6d.), C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

"FORTUNE'S FOOTBALLS."

In this book Mr. Burgin has broken fresh ground with the adventures of a theatrical vagabond who aspires to write plays but has no originality whatever. Nestor Vane, the vagabond in question, is so low down in the world that he is reduced to eating turnips in the field, around Enfield, and, in desperation, accepts the post of mahout to "Old Ajax," one of Messrs. Sangers' elephants. As the circus procession comes into the town, a man on a bicycle runs up against "Old Ajax," who promptly throws man and bicycle through a pastry-cook's window, and, as an afterthought, pitches Vane on top of them. As Cranstone Blythe's servant has been the cause of the elephant throwing Vane through the window, Blythe, a playwright of great genius, who has taken to drink, instructs his daughter Eryth to bring Vane home until he recovers. Vane accepts this invitation, tempts his host to drink, and steals his unfinished play. The last act has been hung aside in the corner, torn across, and picked up by Eryth, who afterwards uses it to track Vane when he sells the play. Blythe also tells Vane the story of his first little play, and how it was lost by a manager who had promised to produce it.

"What could I do?" says Blythe. "It was my first-born. My first-born! I put heart and soul into that play, told my garret over my noble man and woman, turning with frenzied eyes to the stars, God's messengers, to breathe a soul into this common clay being fashioned beneath my hand. For hungry days and sleepless nights, for cold and want, for pain and privation, I gave me a man and a woman—a man and a woman who walked the earth, triumphant, glorious, made in His image. Their great love transformed the universe; the common paths of life were glorified. I lived with them, walked with them, suffered with them, joyed with them. By God, man, I—I—I was their maker! I, a poor strolling player without a coat to my back or a penny in my pouch."

The old playwright dies at the end of this scene, and Eryth's one purpose in life is to avenge him. Her lover, Peter Burrell, cannot bring himself to leave her, and becomes secretary in London to one Mr. Winterbottom Wragge, who swindles him. Mr. Wragge

was a little man of about five feet three inches in height, slim in proportion, and his one dian o' old and bazel away in the east of a shirt-front so large that the letter had the appearance of a table-cloth wrapped round his spare little form.

"It would take a Maxim gun to make a hole in such a shirt," he informs Burrell; and it would also take a Maxim gun to make a hole in Mr. Wragge's villainous self-satisfaction. He keeps a portrait of a benevolent old lady in his bedroom and alludes to her as his mother. When Mr. Wragge is sold up

the Sheriff sceptically turned the picture to the wall. From a neat slip of paper on the back he read the following words:

"Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. A well-known philanthropist and member of the Society of Friends."

"She was no more his mother than I was my father!" said Mr. Wragge.

After many conflicting adventures, Eryth and Burrell come together; Eryth full of remorse for the unworthy part she has played in tracking Vane to his doom. She says that she is not fit to marry Burrell, and proposes to go to the leper settlement at Molokai as a penance. Fortunately for her, Burrell has plenty of common sense. "Very well," he says.

"I will go also. Day by day, as the disease destroys us both, and the rotting flesh drops from our limbs, we will think of the pleasure the God who gave us health and strength is with us, throwing it all away just to gratify our own morbid imaginations. I say you shall not go—if you go, I go. I want to be happy, to do great things, to make you happy, live an honourable honest waste my future in mourning over the past."

And so Eryth listens to reason.

"Fortune's Footballs" is a book, not of the hour of the day, or the week; but a story which, like "John Halifax, Gentleman," you read and put away on your shelf, and cover in brown paper because you know that long after your own eyes have grown dim, it is a work that will still be wanted. Mr. Burgin, like Charles Dickens, finds the humour and the pathos of life so closely knit that they cannot be dissociated. Each character in the story is powerfully delineated, and, had a score of them are, they all seem to have caught the contagion in some way or other of the author's own abounding good-nature.

"Fortune's Footballs," by G. B. Burgin (3s. 6d.), C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

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To be had at all Libraries. Price 3s. 6d.

Another picture shows one of the earlier stages in the culinary arrangements of a detachment under canvas. The men depleted are soldiers of a Militia Battalion, who, under the supervision and with the assistance of the sergeant-cook, are cutting up the meat and preparing the vegetables of the various messes.

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Model 803. The latest Half-Guinea Mode. Full front bodice, with saddle top, trimmed three rows fancy French stitching. Tailor-made skirt with three box pleats, price 10/6 complete. Safe packed and carriage paid, 10/6 extra. Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage 6d.

Chapman Junction, S.W.
Sept. 1897.
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I have had the Costume I had of you last July twelve months in almost constant wear and really hard wear at Seaside, Country, and Athletics, and the only fault I had with it is that it will not wear out. So as to give me a change.
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SPECIAL NOTE. This offer is made to the readers of this paper, owing to premises being required by the London County Council for Street Improvements. All Goods must be cleared, Regardless of Cost.

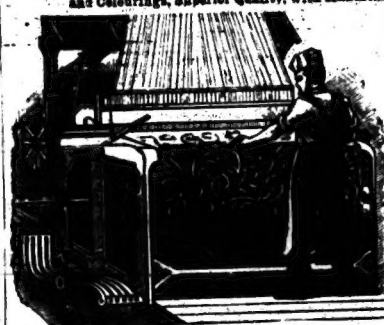
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No. 1.	2.	3.	4.	No. 11.	12.	13.	14.
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10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in.

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